

WITH THE WOMEN AT HOUSTON LUCY KOMISAR

THE

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EDITORIALS

A Time to Forbear

It was inevitable that too much would be demanded too soon of the Sadat initiative in the Middle East. The hopes, even the expectations, raised by his trip to Jerusalem were bound to be somewhat dashed in the sequel. Wherever the process he and Begin have begun may lead in the end, it is sure to be a tortuous journey, full of pitfalls, blind alleys and setbacks.

But does this mean that the way to speed things up is for the United States to take a direct hand and whip the lagging participants along? Not so, in our view, and mainly because it would not work. This practical consideration has not prevented nervous voices in this country from demanding more positive action from Washington. *The New York Times*, for example, in an editorial on November 29 entitled "The United States as Sphinx," criticizes the Carter administration for hesitating during a weekend before accepting Sadat's invitation to the second-step meeting in Cairo. (In his November 30th press conference, Carter revealed that he had been busy behind the scenes, trying to make the Cairo sequel to Jerusalem more inclusive. But, as he said, we are no longer "the dominant intermediary.")

What would have been gained, one must ask, if Washington had eagerly and conspicuously embraced the Sadat proposal even before there was time to consult with all the other parties, including the "rejectionist" Arab states and the Russians? The whole thing would then have taken on the color of American sponsorship, hardly what is wanted in these days of delicate maneuver. The heart of Israel's policy toward its Arab neighbors is the demand that they recognize its *right to exist*. Any arrangement must be based on that recognition, so no settlement imposed by third parties will do. Otherwise, most Israelis correctly believe, they would be hostages of powers and circumstances over which they could have no control.

Given that fundamental fact, how could the United States at this stage of a process newly begun have helped to advance things? The *Times* decries the "coolness" it detects in Washington's behavior, declares it is our "obligation . . . to help broaden the talks," and urges that the place for the United States is at the "side" of Sadat and Begin. But Sadat and Begin do not as of now constitute a "side"; they are contestants who have agreed to play by mutually tolerable rules. And it should be noted that neither the Israelis nor the Egyptians have asked for our hovering presence, at least not publicly. Their silence reflects, among other things, their knowledge that such an open intervention would increase the stresses, and thus widen the splits, in the Arab world.

Whatever this country does, or does not do, about the new phase in the Middle East, we are inextricably involved in it. As arms supplier to both sides (except for Syria and Iraq, Russia's clients), as banker and as that region's leading customer for its chief product, oil, we are all mixed up in its affairs. If we add to that involvement a hegemonic role designed to control its politics at first hand and in detail, we will have attempted the impossible and courted failure.

The price of that failure will be paid not by us, but principally by the tens of millions of people, Arabs and Israelis, who live in the Middle East.

If ever there was a time to curb our habit of well-meaning intervention, it is now. Subtlety and discretion should mark our policy and our actions. Enemies of long standing have at last begun to talk; their dialogue will only be interrupted if the big powers try to steer the conversation. The Russians are playing that game with the hard-line states, but it will work no better for them. There are times to act and times to wait.

Gumshoe Stampede

They would have had to ply J. Edgar with tranquilizers. Environmentalists have shut down his shooting gallery! A do-good liberal government outfit, bearing the unglamorous initials OSHA, has dared to invade his turf and rule that the fumes and lead particles in the FBI's famous firing range are a health hazard! For the time being the American family groups who tour FBI headquarters at the rate of half a million a year must do without the climactic rat-a-tat-tat on the firing range.

A few days ago, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration committed this outrage on the monstrous mausoleum of internal security called the J. Edgar Hoover Building, that fortress on Pennsylvania Avenue of an era one can hope is bygone. The ventilation in that brand-new structure (finished in 1975) was not up to the job of sucking out the smoke and lead produced when the agents fired their bursts from Thompson submachine guns. Another \$100,000 or more must be spent to clean up the act before the show can go on.

It will be April 25, 1978, reports *The Washington Post* (November 26) before the sightseers, after viewing Hoover's desk, the Ten Most Wanted Men posters of the past, and the humming computers of the present, can once more watch an agent puncture a human silhouette, first with a .38 and then with the submachine gun.

Thanks to Watergate's aftermath and the Freedom of Information Act, we now know that the bug, the crossed wire and the black bag were the real tools of the FBI. The Tommy gun was just there for the escutcheon and the TV shows. Hoover's clean-cut white-collar men were used more as clerks and sneak thieves than as gang fighters. It would be sensible if Attorney General Bell issued an order closing down the firing range for good. Its display of pointless violence and fake imagery has had its day and it was a rotten one.

Speaking of intelligence (if we were), the FBI's sister agency, the CIA, has just been forced to disgorge some information on a nuclear accident in the Soviet Union which it has been inexplicably sitting on for about twenty years. Thanks to Ralph Nader's Critical Mass Energy Project and *The Washington Post*, which got the data under the rules of the Freedom of Information Act, we learn that thousands of Soviet citizens near the USSR's nuclear facility at Kyshtym, in the Ural Mountains, were killed or made sick when nuclear wastes stored there overheated and exploded in 1958.

The exiled Soviet scientist Zhores Medvedev had re-

over to commercial developers to do with as they short-sightedly will. That means damming them, paving them, overbuilding them and generally destroying the estuaries which are at the base of the whole chain of life that ends in our fisheries (not to mention the aesthetic value and function of the marshes).

What is at stake here are not merely the pleasures of an elite gazing at a loon in a lonely swamp but the preservation, for quite practical reasons, of the remaining 45 million acres of coastal wetlands (half of what once existed). Commercial greed and the notion that nature could be abused forever without retaliating have already done their devastating work on these irreplaceable lands and waters (it took 5,000 years to create them).

And now Congress has yielded to the familiar pressures of the developers and their allies and abandoned most of the federal controls that have worked to preserve these assets. It has been aided in this destructive operation by propaganda against the Washington bureaucracy which Carter himself helped to stimulate in his campaign

(and, of course, the dam-minded Army Corps of Engineers has played its usual mindless role).

The new Water Pollution Control Act is not all bad. It strengthens controls on toxic wastes, extends liability for oil spills further out to sea, and gives incentives to municipalities to develop and use new technologies for treating wastes. What Carter, by administrative action, should correct is the inevitable effect of delegating control of the coastal wetlands to the states.

He can do this by strengthening and adding to the two Executive Orders that already provide some regulatory protection to the wetlands and flood plains. He can, for instance, require that the Office of Management and Budget authorize funds in the budget only for projects that comply with the two Executive Orders. He can issue a new order directing that the Environmental Protection Agency must certify every dam-building project as complying with EPA guidelines before it goes to Congress for its appropriation. He can strengthen his underfunded and understaffed Council on Environmental Qual-

What Young Americans Know About Hitler

DAVID KAISER

Recently, American newspapers have passed along German press reports of an unscientific survey by a German schoolteacher that revealed an extraordinary ignorance of Adolf Hitler among German students, aged 14 to 16. Many, apparently, could not even date Hitler's career accurately, and most had only the vaguest idea of what he had done. Many estimates seem to have been morally neutral, and a few even somewhat favorable. Intrigued, I asked my wife, a junior high school French teacher in a middle-class Boston suburb, to ask her students what they knew about Hitler. While the results varied in quality, most showed more basic knowledge of the subject than did their German contemporaries. Their answers, however, suggested that the differences could not be ascribed to differences in the German and American educational systems.

The answers—about 100 in all—varied from those of a few World War II buffs who wrote succinct, accurate histories of Hitler's career, to that of one girl who said Hitler's first name was "Rudolf" and several that identified him as a "Communist." Significantly, however, virtually all the students knew several essential facts. They identified him as a German dictator; the vast majority placed him in the proper time period; and even though none of the students was Jewish, they were almost unanimously aware of his persecution and murder of millions of Jews. (Several added that Hitler was Jewish himself, a fact for which there is only the most fragmentary and inconclusive historical evidence.) Many also identified him as crazy. Psychohistory seemed to have reached the popular consciousness; several replies suggested that the trouble had begun when Hitler's father forced his son to forsake his would-be occupation—that of an artist—for

some other career, variously specified either as a soldier or, in one imaginative response, a butcher.

In reply to a specified query the students generally stated that they had never studied Hitler in school, although some would do so later in the year. It was clearly television that had made up for the inadequacies of the educational system. Everyone had apparently seen war movies involving Nazis, a dramatization or documentary of Hitler's life and death or, if nothing else, episodes of *Hogan's Heroes*. Thus they knew that, under Hitler, Germans adopted a special greeting, but many rendered it as "High Hitler," or even "Hi Hitler"—which was said, in one girl's words, "not only to Hitler, but to everybody." They knew what he looked like; one noted his resemblance to Charlie Chaplin, while another wrote, "Without the mustache he would have looked like Moe on the *Three Stooges*." Above all, they were aware of the most gruesome details of his death, and of the controversy over whether he might have in fact survived.

In general, then, these young Americans had a good idea of who Hitler was and of what distinguished him from the average national leader. They identified him as a cruel dictator who tried to conquer territory and massacred Jews—facts of which a good many of their German contemporaries seem to be only dimly aware. Adolf Hitler's career *does*, of course, present many uniquely memorable features, and my wife doubts that brief essays on Hitler's American contemporary Franklin Roosevelt would have shown as much knowledge. But the responses suggest that the mass media do perhaps make up for some deficiencies in the American educational system, and that German television might do well to produce more documentaries and dramatizations of the Nazi period.

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ity so that it becomes an agency to supervise the enforcement of the federal guidelines.

This is a case where effective Executive action can undo the harmful effects of a careless Congressional giveaway to private and parochial interests. The President would not even have to eat many of his campaign words. Bureaucracies are not always "swollen." Sometimes they can be slim and trim and do a job in the public interest. The preservation of the coastal wetlands offers this kind of challenge to an effective Presidency.

The Case of the 15 Gardeners

Twelve black gardeners employed at the National Institutes of Health and the widows of three others have received checks totaling \$167,413 in an out-of-court settlement of discrimination charges that have been pending for eighteen long, dreary years. The general basis of the charges was that whites had been routinely promoted ahead of blacks in the maintenance and landscaping unit, often when the qualifications of the former were less than clear. There were also charges of petty and persistent racially tinged harassment. For six years the case wound its way through a labyrinth of administrative procedures and hearings. Then renewed charges were filed under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and these

finally resulted in a finding by a hearing officer in favor of the gardeners. Whereupon they filed with the Civil Service Commission a claim for back pay and promotions. In 1969 the commission denied the claim and the gardeners took it before the U.S. Court of Claims. This action was delayed for another six years, until the Supreme Court ruled that the Court of Claims could not award back pay for past discrimination. Then the endlessly patient gardeners filed an action in the U.S. District Court and this produced the out-of-court settlement.

Since 1969 the litigation for the gardeners has been handled by Paul Tagliabue, an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union. The settlement is a tribute to his patience and persistence, which rival those of his clients. The story of this litigation, as reported in full by Robert F. Levey and Patricia Camp in *The Washington Post*, is a remarkable case history of the effort that must often be made to vindicate rights that have been granted in theory but continue to be denied in practice. One of the claimants expressed himself as "disgusted" by the delay, but added that the struggle had been worthwhile because young men who now enter the service will get a better break. It was, of course, a real victory, one that has uprooted a deeply embedded discriminatory pattern, as well as vindicating the rights of the individual claimants. But as one of them said, "Couldn't it have been a little bit quicker?"

HERE COME THE DREDGERS!

SNEAK ATTACK ON THE WETLANDS

PETER J. BERNSTEIN

Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana

On a quiet day down-river from New Orleans, where the Mississippi sweeps past isolated fishing camps with nets hanging from tupelo trees and crab traps piled high among the levees, you can find yourself in one of America's magic places, known mainly to the craw fishermen who merely take it for granted. In summer and fall the trees and underbrush are of almost tropical density, and the whole terrain near the river is grown over with a prolific green creeping vine, right up to the levees. An embankment 10 or 15 feet high guards both banks of the lower river, and if you follow the highway as it runs south and slightly east beside the embankment, you will drive past the sugar-cane fields and the dilapidated tenant shacks, big plantation houses and small Negro churches, over the muddy creeks and along the bayous, through a land richly endowed with loamy soils, abundant game and the shellfish nurseries that provide a perpetual pantry for the sea.

Beyond the fringe of fishing shacks, perhaps a couple of hundred yards back from the river, the whole place seems prehistoric—damp, cool, inaccessible, the moss hanging from giant old cypress and oak trees. Off in the distance, as far as the eye can see, the land is flat, dark

and meshed with a million veins. This is the great delta, a coastal ecosystem covering hundreds of square miles that is one of nature's masterpieces. Once it was the very floor under the sea; later ankle-deep in waters and covered with soft, springy earth—a dank, shadowy swampland, fetid and rich.

These soggy borders of land, bayous and marshes are collectively known as wetlands. The estuary of southern Louisiana is a coastal wetland, and ranks among the largest and most productive estuarine regions known. It is part river, part ocean, part fresh water, part salt, a marvelously intricate web of life pulsating with marine animals, waterfowl, songbirds, reptiles, scavengers, wild creatures and the ultimate microorganisms that make possible an unending chain of beginning and end, death and renewal, on both sea and adjoining land. Louisiana has a greater acreage of wetlands than any other state, with the possible exception of Alaska; it is an interconnected system stretching along the entire coastline of Louisiana as far inland as 60 miles, encompassing nearly 8 million acres of estuarine habitat.

It might seem that such a vast region would be little affected by man's activities. However, like hunters in a duck blind, a small but determined group of Congress-

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men took aim a few weeks ago at a public law that protects the nation's wetlands from destruction. Then they pulled the trigger. The Congressmen's action, stripping federal protection from most of the delta region and from valuable wetlands elsewhere, was a startling leap backward. Even lobbyists for the dredgers and fillers of wetlands were surprised. Environmentalists were aghast.

At work here was not so much a renunciation of the nation's longstanding commitment to preserve and protect the environment, as a rubbing together of politics and misinformation. The politics of it has to do with a generally accepted need in Congress to hammer out a compromise on an omnibus water pollution bill that covers wetlands. Perhaps more important, the Congressmen's action stemmed from what they perceive as a national mood against Washington and its meddlesome federal bureaucracy. Clearly fanned by lobbyists for commercial interests who believe that the Almighty created nature for the convenience and profits of private enterprise, this wind whipped hot through the room of House-Senate conferees during the November 10th markup of amendments to the Federal Water Pollution Control Act.

The political motivation combined with a largely overblown and distorted contention that Section 404 of the Act was to be enforced by a literal regiment of bureaucrats armed with intolerable and unnecessary regulations. As a consequence, the conferees capitalized on the anti-Washington mood to emasculate federal wetland legislation. The effects are likely to be felt wherever developers try to devour valuable estuaries.

Although viewed by many corporate types as an annoying hindrance to the flow of commerce, wetlands are being recognized increasingly as priceless works of nature that form delicate and irreplaceable breeding grounds for fish, waterfowl and fur-bearing animals. Salt marshes in Louisiana alone are the nurseries for nearly half of the nation's marine fish. Without estuaries, three species—lobsters, clams and shrimp, which comprise three-fourths of the total wetland-related catch—would be in jeopardy. The tidal marshes are, acre for acre, the most productive areas on earth. They produce four times as much plant growth as the most lush farmland in the Midwestern breadbasket.

There are tidal marshes in twenty-six coastal states. Some act as breakwaters. Others protect beaches and prevent shore erosion. These patches of coastal mud, covered with tall grass, often populated by coots and rodents, absorb carbon dioxide and give off oxygen. They remove pollutants from the air and water and act as hydrological reservoirs, releasing water during dry periods and holding it back during heavy rains and floods.

As the only part of the nation's shoreline that still looks much as it did when the first colonists landed, the ribbon of green marshes along the Gulf and Atlantic Seaboard from Texas to Maine has scientific and historical value. When the marshland is undisturbed, there is the aesthetic pleasure of watching a flock of geese descend on it, or in appreciating some of the last open space remaining along the coast.

Ironically, the principal agency assigned responsibility

for protecting the nation's wetlands is the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Asking the Army to protect wetlands is like asking a Marine platoon to endure pacifism. Such guardianship is out of character for the corps, which has a well-deserved reputation for destroying valuable marshland. The corps prefers to pursue its beaver-like work of building levees, dams and other big-water structures—known in the engineers' lexicon as "improvements"—without involving itself in time-consuming public hearings and skirmishes over dredging permits.

Back in 1972, during enactment of section 404 of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act amendments, Congress gave the corps the responsibility of issuing permits for proposed disposals of dredged or filled material that could affect the physical and biological integrity of the nation's wetlands. No one else was doing the job at the time and, since the corps was already issuing dredge and fill permits for navigable waterways, the reasoning was that it might as well assume the additional role of wetlands protector.

In 1975, after a lawsuit and much controversy, the corps published regulations that applied not only to dredging and filling below the mean high-water line but also to wetlands above the line which are periodically inundated by saline or brackish waters and are characterized by salt-tolerant vegetation. The corps's jurisdiction over wetlands was thereby more than doubled.

The permit program took full effect last July, but not before the corps and its allies tried to sabotage it by issuing a press release which warned that "under the broad interpretation of the 1972 Federal Water Pollution Control Act amendments, millions of people may be presently violating the law." And it warned that "convicted offenders may be subject to fines of up to \$25,000 a day and one-year imprisonment."

The release, issued by the Office of the Chief of the Army Corps of Engineers on May 6, 1975, and disseminated by all of the local corps districts, hit with explosive force. Within a few days, the corps and the Congressmen who wrote the water pollution law were flooded with thousands of protest letters from irate developers. Earl Butz, Secretary of Agriculture at the time, called the proposal "a dangerous extension of the long hand of the federal government into the affairs of private citizens."

The corps did little to discourage the growing alarm. Some of its own officials went to public meetings and added their own embellishments to the story. One estimated that the corps would regulate every creek that farmers could not jump across. Another said that since the corps would not have the manpower to police all the streams and marshland, it would rely on farmers to snitch on one another.

Three months after the press release was issued and after a rebuke from the head of the Environmental Protection Agency, the corps backed down. Asst. Secy. of the Army Victor Veysey repudiated the release, and assured Congress that the corps had never intended to interfere with normal farming, ranching and forestry operations. He said that no one was more astonished than he that the misstatements had been made; it wouldn't hap-

pen again. But that didn't end the matter. Like a fire smoldering under ashes, the corps's original misstatements, perpetuated by critics of the permit program, lived on.

Gus Speth, a member of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, testifying recently before Congress, referred to the "tremendous misunderstanding" caused by the press release. He said that long after the corps repudiated the release, its "alarmist and unsupported claims were repeated and even further exaggerated in countless government news releases and agricultural and forestry newsletters and articles."

Earlier this year, lobbyists seeking to weaken wetland protection put their money and muscle behind a bill introduced in the House by John Breaux, a politically ambitious Democratic Congressman from Louisiana who has close ties to developers in his state. The bill drastically limited the corps's jurisdiction, removing federal safeguards from as much as 75 percent of the nation's wetlands. The measure was backed strongly by Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas, and the House passed it by a wide margin.

The Senate held its ground, however, and voted against attempts to emasculate the federal permit program. But Senate conferees from the Public Works Committee subsequently used the program as a bargaining chip at a

November 10th meeting with House conferees. In exchange for a concession by the House members on imposing industrial user taxes at municipal waste treatment plants, the Senate conferees agreed to cut back on the scope of the permit program.

The corps retains authority over wetland activities, ranging from highways to housing construction. But it is now encouraged to issue general permits for the vast majority of dredging and construction activities—a move that eliminates individual scrutiny of most wetland projects. Excused from even this truncated regulatory procedure are dredge-and-fill activities that occur as part of routine farming, forestry and ranching operations.

In addition, the conferees voted to allow states to administer portions of the permit program, providing they adopt regulatory standards deemed acceptable by the Environmental Protection Agency and the corps. But most damaging, in the view of environmentalists, was a concession by Senate conferees to exempt all federal construction projects from the permit process. In the future, agencies can merely report to Congress on the probable environmental impact of such projects without having to face citizen suits or other troublesome features of the permit process. This blanket exemption is likely to doom thousands of wetland acres to the Army Engineers' dam and navigation projects, Bureau of Reclamation irrigation systems and Soil Conservation Service stream-channelization activities. Such projects rank among the most ecologically destructive, ruining wild and pristine rivers, valuable fisheries and microscopic plants and other flora that are the base of the food chain for the entire sea.



Mississippi Cypress Swamp

Against the soundest scientific advice, wetlands are being senselessly plundered. Surveys show that in the past century or so, an estimated 45 million acres, or 50 percent of the nation's coastal wetlands, have been lost—dredged and built upon for causeways, marinas and channels. Other nutrient-rich wetlands have been paved over to make space for vacation homes, shopping centers, high-rise apartments and jetports. Even though federal and state regulations in recent years have preserved some valuable tidal marshes, they are still being lost at a rate of more than 200,000 acres a year.

Some 3 million to 4 million acres of flood plains in the Southeastern states have been destroyed since 1950 by federal construction projects, the greatest wetland losses occurring in the Mississippi Delta, where each year more than 150,000 acres of flooded bottomland is cleared, drained and placed into production for soybeans or set aside for waterfront housing projects, bridges, jetties, piers and causeways. This destruction is invariably done without thought or understanding of the ecological consequences. Once destroyed, an estuary is gone forever. The effects are not just local; they can be felt hundreds of miles away.

Now, as a result of changes in the permit program, the Army Engineers will be able to delegate responsibility for protecting wetlands to the states. Some states have rigorous protection laws. But the problem, as environmentalists know, is that others do not.

Several states, notably Massachusetts and New York, have passed laws intended to save what remains of their coastal lands. They've adopted legislation empowering their states to zone privately owned lands for ecological reasons. New Jersey, after losing 36,000 acres of estuarine land, gave the commissioner of Environmental Protection the power to regulate all wetlands (those covered by a foot of water at mean high tide), and if necessary to forbid any activities that would alter their character. Delaware, under the leadership of Gov. Russell W. Peterson, passed landmark legislation in 1971 barring heavy industry from Delaware's coast. But to date most state statutes have proven inadequate. Often they are fragmentary, cumbersome, vague, or fail to provide for enforcement or funds to buy imperiled tidelands. The statutes in some states are little more than an invitation to plunder.

For decades, Louisiana's interconnected system of bayous, marshland and bays has been "reclaimed" for use as farms, second home developments, jetports, causeways and channels for oil and gas rigs. According to a study by the Center for Wetland Resources at Louisiana State University, erosion and commercial activities in the past thirty years have destroyed nearly 500 square miles of Louisiana tidelands. Some 16 square miles of marsh are lost every year. "It is not an exaggeration to say that the delta is dying," says Sherwood Gagliano, a marine biologist who directed the study.

He says that most of the wetlands destruction has resulted from the Army Corps's flood-control projects along the entire length of the Mississippi and its main tributaries. Instead of relying on wetlands to soak up the over-bank water flow, the corps built a system of levees that upset the natural balance of marine processes at work in the delta. These levees stop the flow of fresh water and thereby prevent nutrients and sediment from being deposited beyond the banks to build new marshland. The result is that rich sediment transported down the river as part of the delta-building process over the last 5,000 years is now disappearing into the Gulf of Mexico—lost forever to the estuarine habitat. Existing wetlands are not getting the necessary fresh-water nutrients and are turning salty, killing plant life and eroding the entire ecosystem. "It's like having a nice lawn and not fertilizing it for thirty years," Gagliano says.

The spoliation of Lake Pontchartrain—at one time Louisiana's premier fishery—is a sobering reminder that not all of the vast delta region built by the Mississippi is a sportsman's paradise. The per-acre yield for fishing and trapping in the delta's fertile bays and bayous has fallen sharply in recent years, and this decline is nowhere more evident than in the 40-mile-long Pontchartrain.

To the satisfaction of developers and to the dismay of conservationists, the army corps has granted dredge-and-fill permits for a number of "finger-fill" waterfront housing projects along the lakefront. One development called Eden Isles, requiring the excavation of millions of cubic yards of material, will accommodate some 20,000 people living mostly in single-family homes set along dredged finger canals where owners can run their boats up to their front doors. The project—begun nearly five years ago—is to have duplexes, townhouses, medium-rise condominiums, marinas, shopping centers, churches

and golf courses. Viewed from the air, the north end of the lake—or at least a good part of it—already looks as though it has been stamped out by a giant cookie cutter. Marshes that once were prime hunting and fishing areas have been replaced by an intricate system of canals and fingers of land, with each finger divided into expensive waterfront lots.

Not long ago, the corps surprised a lot of people by denying dredge-and-fill permits for a similar waterfront housing project at Marco Island in southwest Florida. The Engineers decided that the destruction of mangroves at Marco Island would mean the loss of much food and habitat for marine fauna, and that it would also eliminate a buffer against violent storms.

Much has been made in the national press of the Marco Island decision, as evidence of the corps's shift in the direction of a more protective policy toward valuable wetlands. But there is no evidence of a similar environmental awareness at the corps's district office in Louisiana, where they still routinely issue dredge-and-fill permits without any systematic study to gauge the cumulative effect of piecemeal operations. Canals dredged in the Louisiana marshes for pipelines and transporting oil rigs account for an estimated 30 percent of the wetland losses. The canals upset the flow of water running through the marshes, thereby altering salinity and tidal movements. Rarely if ever does the corps reject a permit to dredge oil-field wetlands, it being accepted policy that oil and gas exploration takes precedence over wetland protection. When the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission reviews proposed dredging projects, it customarily gives a "letter of no objection" on government-related activities involving wetlands.

Most legislators from Louisiana are openly hostile to matters of environmental concern. Although the state has a quarter of the nation's wetlands, votes by Louisiana Sens. Russell Long and J. Bennett Johnston show a blatant disregard for wetland protection. They both favor legislation that would encourage states to concentrate all types of energy facilities in fragile coastal areas, even though wetland fisheries are a renewable resource that would be productive for years after the oil and gas run out. They also voted in favor of butchering the federal flood-insurance program designed to control development in low-lying flood plains. And the two voted to curtail the federal wetland permit program.

An indication of the sorry state of wetlands protection in Louisiana was the corps's lifting of a year-long moratorium on construction of a massive system of hurricane barriers at Lake Pontchartrain, despite an appeal from Rep. Robert Livingston, one of the state's few environment-minded legislators. Livingston says that building the \$378 million levee will wall off the lake from the Gulf of Mexico, thereby turning it into a virtual cesspool and increasing the dangers of floods.

When accused of promoting projects to keep their engineers busy, the corps is always quick to insist that the agency does not drum up business but only carries out the will of Congress. But by lifting the moratorium, the corps reneged on an agreement with Congressman Livingston to hold off on further construction for a year to

allow public hearings and studies of the project.

As dismal as the corps's wetland record may seem, it is relatively enlightened by comparison with Louisiana's record. Conservationists fear the consequences if the corps ever decides to delegate regulatory authority for wetland dredging to the state. The federal government so far has withheld some \$6 million available to Louisiana for coastal-zone planning because of the state's unwillingness to take responsibility for most of its wetlands. The money could help Louisiana decide how much development and what kinds of protection it may want in the coastal zone. But to qualify for the funds offered by the Commerce Department, it must first define the parameters of the coastal zone. The Louisiana Coastal Commission and the oil industry are defining the zone one way, and the environmentalists and the federal government another.

The commission and the oil drillers are insisting on a zone as narrow as possible (short of no zone at all)—that is, 3 miles inland from the coastline, which would exclude Lake Pontchartrain and much of the state's wetlands from any planning. They would place the jurisdiction for dredge-and-fill projects in local parish governments, which have been responsible for much of the

deterioration that has occurred in the state's wetlands. It would be difficult if not impossible for these local entities to handle the legal requirements for public notice and review of the proposed projects. Nor is it surprising that the commission wants to shut people out of the decision-making process. The commission's most influential member is Chalin O. Perez, political boss of Plaquemines Parish, the rural backwater southeast of New Orleans that has been drilled through with so many oil and gas pipes that it looks like a pincushion. Chalin Perez inherited the position from his father, Leander Perez, the arch-segregationist.

In rushing to levee and drain still more marshes, the politicians and developers in Louisiana are not only fouling their own nest but also threatening to destroy one of the most productive estuaries in the world. The stakes are too high to let the greed of land speculation and phony tirades against a meddlesome federal bureaucracy destroy the very system that took some 5,000 years to grow to its normal teeming productivity. The price we pay for wanton spoliation is clear and certain. In the highest sense, conservation of the land is the conservation of human life. The two have always been, and will always be, inseparable. □

LABOR ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT

New Tactics in the Textile War

DAN FREEDMAN

Here labor is cheaper, hours are longer, and taxes are lower than in the North, and just so long as they continue so, new mill villages will spring up in the Carolinas and New England towns will die. . . .

At the Loray plant the manager deliberately accepted the challenge of the National Textile Workers Union and discharged five union members. About one-half of the workers walked out in protest. . . . Governor Gardner (of North Carolina), a mill owner, rushed five companies of the National Guard to the scene, where they broke up the picket lines and patrolled the mill village. The strike goes on in an atmosphere of hate and fear. Fred Beal, Communist leader, sleeps in a worker's cottage surrounded by four trusty guards with four shotguns and revolvers. He needs them all.

Paul Blanshard, *The Nation*, Apr. 24 and May 8, 1929

Labor organizers in the South today no longer fear for their lives. In Tifton, Ga., staffers working on the J. P. Stevens campaign sleep in Ramada and Holiday Inns, undisturbed by the South's traditional (and most effective) anti-union weapon, the company gun thug. Every third or fourth weekend, they travel home to Florida, North Carolina or Philadelphia to see their families. They also gripe about their "working conditions," and discuss clauses in the contract they have with their employer, the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU).

Yet one important element of this struggle remains unchanged: Southern corporate resistance to unionism. After fourteen years of illegal firings, countless court cases, and elections won and lost, J. P. Stevens & Co. is no closer to signing a contract. Its bargaining-table intransigence is slowly becoming a national issue, comparable to the grape strike-boycott and, some say, the civil rights movement.

Georgia union leader Mel Tate and his crew face a company (and an entire region) as implacably anti-labor as it was in Governor Gardner's day. To be sure, the tactics have changed. Stevens doesn't need to hire thugs or have the guard called out. The speech to a captive audience, the notice on the employee bulletin board, the letter to the employee's home, the rumor—these are the weapons in Stevens's arsenal. In addition, its tentacles extend into the surrounding community, where a pro-union worker might suddenly find he has been refused a bank loan or an insurance claim. Unionists like Tate, a 41-year-old native of Rome, Ga., have found that traditional techniques for "rolling the union in" can't work in the South. Getting cards signed and petitioning for a representation election won't make Stevens bargain any faster. In Georgia, as in every other Southern state where Stevens maintains plants, a new union strategy is evolving.

The ACTWU hopes to turn Stevens's antagonism to its

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own advantage. It will report every unfair labor practice—from a captive audience speech inside a plant to the dismissal of a pro-union worker—to the National Labor Relations Board. After accumulating numerous cases of company unfair labor practices, the union—thanks to the Supreme Court decision in *NLRB v. Gissel Packing Co., Inc.*, 1969—can then go to court and ask to be declared bargaining agent *without* the usual representation election. The union will claim that the atmosphere in Tifton and Milledgeville is such that a fair election could never take place and, further, that, since the union holds signed cards from a majority of workers, it should be recognized as sole bargaining agent.

The company is well aware of this strategy. In a notice posted on the Tifton employees' bulletin board, Stevens announced that "out-of-town" organizers were trying to sneak a union in without a free election, and that workers "bothered" at home by persistent organizers should report such incidents to their supervisors.

Naturally, it would be better to hold elections. Planning to avoid them is bound to raise doubts among some workers. But the organizers in Georgia are clear and unflustered when they explain why such a course is inevitable. "Stevens is real good at pouring on the pressure the last few days before an election. They frighten people with rumors of plant closings, long strikes and what-have-you," said Nye. "We don't try to hide anything from our folks. We tell them of our experiences in Wallace [North Carolina] and Statesboro, where we lost elections even though we had a majority of cards signed. We're set to give Stevens a taste of their own medicine. They've been using labor law to kick us around for years." Even by-passing elections, however, is no guarantee that Stevens will bargain seriously. In Roanoke Rapids, N.C., where the union won an election in 1974, the company has yet to sit down with the union. (See "The Southern Textile War" by Edward McConville, *The Nation*, October 2, 1976.)

Stevens employs some 44,000 workers in eighty-five plants, all but a few of them in the South. In Georgia, the firm runs plants in four small towns and ACTWU is active in all four. Each of them—Tifton, Milledgeville, Dublin and Louisville—presents a different situation to the organizers. The seven or so full-time ACTWU staff

people go from town to town, sometimes traveling 1,000 miles in a week. Tate deploys them like a small cadre of shock troops; they go where the situation requires the strongest application of manpower.

At present, Tifton gets most of that collective energy. The union there appears to be heading toward majority status after a concerted door-to-door canvassing campaign. ACTWU has already organized a staunch nucleus of workers into an in-plant committee. Now it is branching toward the mass of workers who are neither particularly hostile nor friendly toward the union. Workers are visited in their homes, where presumably they feel more at ease than on the job, and therefore more susceptible to union persuasion. Even so, a good many visits end in cries of "Get off my porch."

One afternoon in October, the Tifton ACTWU staff gathered in the living room of organizer Fred Nye's Ramada suite to review a more or less typical canvassing day. "I got lucky today," said Rudolph Downing, former business representative of a Meat Cutter's local in North Carolina and Deputy Sheriff of Martin County. "Only one 'get off my porch' and one 'hit the damn road.'" But other workers who had proved more hospitable were no more willing to join the union. "That woman was a real kook," Vonnie Heinz, herself a veteran of nine years in Stevens's Rockingham, N.C. plant, said of one such worker. "She laughed along with us and talked real good like she was getting set to sign, but she didn't. She told us that if all we needed was one card to put us over, she'd sign right away." Ms. Heinz wondered aloud how a canvasser might best deal with such resistance, and whether she had done all she could. "Just keep them talking," Tate replied. "Most of these folks hate the company, but they just haven't admitted it to themselves yet."

Fear and distrust of unions are the main obstacles the organizers encounter in these house calls. Workers fear that a strike will mean missed paychecks and that a union victory will lead only to a plant closing. Thanks in part to Stevens's anti-union propaganda, many workers also believe that union dues will be exorbitant and that the union will act as a surrogate boss. Some of these misgivings are far from groundless. Stevens *did* close its plant in Statesboro, Ga. in 1975 rather than bargain with the union; that led to a suit that is still pending in



Southern Textile Mill

the courts. And as a poolroom owner in Dublin put it, "A lot of these fellas buy everything on time payments. They figure they're gonna lose it all if the plant goes on strike even for a day."

Tate's solution is simple and direct: educate the workers you're organizing about how a union operates, what it can and cannot do, and let the word get around. In Tifton and Milledgeville, the ACTWU staff set up a program for the in-plant committees with that goal in mind. He says:

We started out by holding an in-plant organizing—we called it that for lack of anything else to call it—organizing and union training school. We tried to teach our folks who were interested basically how the National Labor Relations Act was formed, and a little bit about their rights under the law. We talked to them in terms of how the union works from the start of the campaign through negotiating the contract, how it elects its own stewards and officers, how it sets or raises its union dues, how it draws up its own by-laws, how it governs itself. People in the plant are a helluva lot smarter than folks give them credit for. They just haven't got all their thoughts arranged in their head just right. Through the school they begin to get some ideas on how the whole thing is put together.

About seventy Stevens workers have already graduated from the courses at Tifton and Milledgeville, and the union hopes to set one up in Dublin as the campaign there progresses.

The drive in Milledgeville is the most advanced of the four, in large measure because of the union's identification there with local vestiges of the civil rights movement. The Stevens plant in Milledgeville is more than 50 percent black, and a majority of workers have already signed cards. The union people are active in the town on a broad front of issues and problems, from assisting food-stamp recipients with claims they may have before the local program administrator to investigating how federal public housing money is being spent in Baldwin County. The organizers don't claim to be experts and don't promise results; their aim is to link all community issues with the union struggle and thereby foster a sense of solidarity. "We're all the same folks," seems to be the favorite phrase of union and nonunion activists alike.

The spirit of mutual alliance is perhaps best represented by James Orange, a veteran field staff director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and now an ACTWU organizer more or less in charge of the Milledgeville campaign. Orange helped to revive the town's SCLC chapter, and has spent a good deal of his time in Milledgeville serving as a social service jack-of-all-trades.

The union organizers and Milledgeville's black community are drawn together at SCLC meetings held periodically at the town's Wesleyan Methodist Church. One such meeting began with a song, *Get Right with God*, and a chant in which the leader asked, "What's happening?" and waited for the audience to respond, "the land's changing hands!" A series of speeches followed, starting with the Reverend Strickland, pastor of the church, who said: "A lot of people are saying the union is involved

with the community only for its own self-interest. I say that if the union *did not* get involved with the community, then I'd look on it with suspicion. If the union is interested in helping people in the plant, then it follows that they'd be interested in what happens to folks outside the plant." Later, Tate rose to speak on behalf of the union. "I expect, if I was you," he begins, "I'd be pretty suspicious of listening to a white man standing here talking. Don't judge me by what I say, judge me by what I do." Tate then held up a photostat of a 1949 contract Stevens concluded with a Greenville, S.C. real estate operator for the sale of an entire mill village. One of the contract's clauses provides that no house shall be sold to anyone who is "Negro or of Negro blood." Tate waved the contract in the air and said "These are the kind of people we're up against."

The race issue can hardly be avoided in the Georgia campaign. ACTWU says blacks account for 20 percent of Stevens's work force, but hold only 3 percent of the company's white-collar positions and 7 percent of the skilled craft jobs. Of more immediate interest to the organizers, however, is racial antagonism among the workers themselves. As one Stevens worker in Tifton put it, "Some of the anti-union fellas will tell a white 'it's gonna be a nigger union' and tell a black 'it's gonna be run by the Klan'—anything to keep us apart."

It is axiomatic that racial harmony is a prerequisite for union victory. In both Milledgeville and Tifton, blacks and whites serve on the in-plant committee with no apparent friction. When union business has been completed, black and white men and women old enough to remember Jim Crow in its heyday sit around drinking and kidding one another almost as though they'd always been the closest of friends. Whether this is attributable to the much-touted spirit of the "new South" or more directly to the spirit of union democracy is hard to say.

The racial attitude of the nonunion workers is what now causes the real concern. In Dublin, where whites constitute a majority in the plant, the questions are: how best to draw the white worker out of his anti-union, anti-black shell, and how to promote contacts with the black community (as in Milledgeville) without alienating that white worker. The Dublin campaign is the newest of the lot, and already the union is working with the local NAACP chapter. But Tate and Charlie March, one of the few Northern organizers with ACTWU in Georgia, are wary of that relationship. As Tate puts it:

If you go to Dublin, Ga.—65 to 70 percent white—the only way you're ever gonna help workers in that plant is to get their attention, to get them to listen to you. And if they don't listen to you, then you're not going to talk to them. And you're not going to get them to listen to you if you don't meet them kind of on their own terms, at least initially. You know I can go in and take an SCLC or NAACP banner, march up and down Broad Street, and I can hang it up and leave Dublin, Ga. That's just the way folks are.

Tate believes that, in the end, practical union activity is itself the best cure for racial misgivings. Once workers of either race become involved in the union struggle, they find workers of the other race aren't as bad as they

had thought. White workers, especially, are fond of telling visitors that before the union came to town, they had absolutely no social contact with blacks.

Race is not the only problem the union will encounter in Dublin. Already the "pillars" of the community have aligned themselves with Stevens against the union. Dublin has defeated two previous attempts at organizing the Stevens plant—once in 1967 and again in 1974—and seems determined not to lose this time. Local resistance to unionism has manifested itself in different ways. When Tate first came to Dublin last summer, he decided to rent a downtown storefront as union headquarters. The first landlord he approached said he'd be glad to rent a place to Tate, and didn't object to its being used as a union office. The next day, when Tate showed up to sign a lease, the landlord told him bluntly that the place was no longer for rent. "He was so scared he could hardly talk," Tate recalled.

Tate finally found a place that suited his purposes. The woman who owned a greeting-card shop next door helped Tate get squared away, telling him how to get the electricity account settled, the water turned on, etc. The union was welcome, she said, to throw its trash in her dumpster out back. But the cordiality lasted only two days; since then there's been nothing but icy silence. Other more serious incidents have been recorded. Doctors contracted by Stevens under the company health plan reportedly ask Stevens workers what they think of the union before treatment begins. Tate says one doctor told a known union worker that he, the doctor, was going to

tell the president of J. P. Stevens that this worker had brought a perfectly healthy baby in and was therefore trying to defraud the insurance company.

However, the ugly details of the struggle with Stevens seem far away from the union's Ramada Inn headquarters where Vonnie Heinz sat with Elbert Seals, a thin black youth who had been fired by Stevens for not calling in sick one Saturday after having called in the two previous days. Seals and Heinz were trying to piece together for later court action specific proof that plant supervisors knew Seals belonged to the union. At the same time, Nye stood in another corner of the room with a black worker who puts in seventy-two hours a week in the picking department at Tifton plant number 2. After four years, he makes \$3.45 an hour. Nye read aloud from a contract ACTWU has with the Worth Textile Co. in Sylvester, Ga., some 30 miles from Tifton. The lowest paid worker, a janitor, in this 100-person plant, starts at \$3.75 an hour, said Nye, as the other man shook his head.

Ultimately, the Stevens campaign is best viewed as a two-front battle. On one front stand the battalions of lawyers in the courts. The other front belongs to the workers and organizers themselves, and there a different kind of evidence, precedence and logic prevail. As Tate says to plant workers, "This union is never gonna be any better or any worse than you who work in the plant. Now if you're big enough, if you want to get up off your butt, if you want to help yourself, then I'm here to assist you." Tate believes the union will beat Stevens "on the good side of five years." □

Why Sol Stetin Stepped Down

EDWARD M. McCONVILLE

In June 1976, Sol Stetin decided to give up his presidency of the Textile Workers Union of America, in order that the TWUA might merge with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, to the benefit of his union and the workers it represents. Men who struggle successfully to gain power in the labor movement, or in any other highly competitive field, rarely give up that power voluntarily, and their unwillingness to do so has on occasion seriously damaged their unions.

No one but the most dedicated right winger would dispute the fact that the American labor movement has been losing ground to employers for the last thirty years. When the Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947, 35 percent of the nation's nonfarm work force belonged to unions. Today that figure has shrunk to 23 percent, with further slippage in plain sight. The reasons for the erosion are many and complex, but much of the blame can be laid to the refusal of many small, fragmented unions to merge into larger combined units able to compete more effectively with the huge conglomerates of the business world.

One purpose of the AFL-CIO merger in 1955 was, according to the organization's original constitution, the

"elimination of conflicting and duplicating organizations and jurisdictions through the process of voluntary mergers." Yet today many industries still contain two or more competing unions. Furthermore, traditional industrial boundaries have been obliterated by the corporate merger movement. Single corporations now employ workers from many diverse industries, workers represented by a plethora of essentially unrelated unions rather than by anything approaching a united front.

The biggest obstacle to union mergers has been the egos and self-interest of individual labor leaders. The CIO almost refused to merge with the AFL, partly over a conflict of principles but also because CIO President Walter Reuther couldn't stand the idea of playing second fiddle to George Meany. (In the end, merger came about only when Steelworkers President David McDonald threatened to bolt the CIO and affiliate his union with the AFL.) The National Maritime Union's Joseph Curran refused even to discuss merger with the Seafarers' International Union's Paul Hall. Examples are endless.

Sol Stetin's surrender of his office stands out, therefore,

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as a notable exception to the egocentricity of labor's captains. His sacrifice made possible some of the most progressive developments now taking place in the American labor movement, for had he not relinquished his presidency there would today be no nationwide boycott of J.P. Stevens's products, no serious drive to organize that huge Southern textile company and, in all probability, no Labor Law Reform bill up for passage in Congress. Stetin's career is worth scrutinizing, then, for clues to his motivation.

His early life sounds like something out of Irving Howe's *The World of Our Fathers*. Polish Jews, his parents brought him to America in 1921 at the age of 10. "We came steerage, third class, and I was always hungry," he recalled recently. "I learned a few English words quickly, and was always going to the chef to get extra food for my family. I was a very nervy kid in those days. Still am."

Like most labor leaders, certain aspects of Stetin's youth make him seem the self-made man almost to the point of stereotype. Before he had been in the country six months, he began selling newspapers on the street after school. "First a couple of hours every day. Then three hours, four hours, five hours. I'd get home 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock." Yet he also had a romantic streak. He dropped out of school after the ninth grade, but not for the same reasons as Horatio Alger's Ragged Dick. "I wasn't forced to quit to support myself or my family," he says, "although that's what people usually say about themselves years later. I got a kick out of hanging around carnivals. I became a boxer; \$10 for a four-round fight. I had around fifteen professional fights, won some and lost some. To tell the truth," he said with a slightly embarrassed smile, "I didn't do too well. But I had the good sense to stop." Although only 5'4", he then became an avid basketball player.

Stetin supported his athletic passions by caddying at a golf course near his home in Paterson, N.J. When he was 19 he convinced one golfer, the Jewish owner of a textile mill, to give him a job in his dyeing operation. One of the few Jews in a predominantly Italian plant, Stetin hoped to be promoted to salesman. "My employer would make all kinds of remarks like 'Those Italians are no good.' His attitude was that because I was a Jew, I should stick with Jews. I learned early that I'm a Jewish worker, and should stick with workers whether they're Catholic or Protestant, blacks or women. Because employers stick together."

Stetin did not learn that lesson easily. When a spontaneous strike took place at the Paterson plant in the early 1930s, he didn't walk out with the others. "The superintendent came to me and said, 'This doesn't concern you. Don't mix with those *Taleiners*.' I felt bad but I stayed in the plant." After work that night he ran into a Jewish friend who was active in the radical movement which at the time permeated the New York metropolitan area's textile and garment industries. "He convinced me I had done a terrible thing," recalled Stetin. "I ran up to the hall where the workers were meeting. I was in tears. Before I knew it, I was up on the platform apologizing, and the next day I was on the negotiating com-



Sol Stetin

Hilly Elson

mittee. My employer never forgave me."

Stetin is quick to add, however, that he did not join the labor movement primarily out of idealism. "I'd be a demagogue if I said I became active because I wanted to change the world. I wasn't going to church to make people more godlike. The union gave me an outlet for my energy, my drive. I liked the excitement of getting up and giving a speech, of getting into an argument with some guy. And I loved the intrigue. We used to caucus in secret every week before the regular meeting, because the Communists had their caucus and we also had to contend with our union's conservative leadership faction. This gave me a reason to get up in the morning. I wanted to know what the hell was going on.

"It was only later," he continued, "that I really began to be influenced by the moral values of the labor movement. You're not human if you work in this movement and don't begin to develop feelings for your fellow man."

Stetin joined the Socialist Party in the late 1930s. He stayed only briefly, quitting in disgust when one meeting broke up in a dispute over exactly what it was that Marx had said on a particular point. "They actually adjourned the meeting so this guy could go home and get a book to see what he had really said," fumed Stetin. "Ridiculous." He rejoined the Socialist Party in 1970, only to see it splinter in 1972 over the McGovern candidacy. Since then, Stetin has taken the unusual step of joining both Bayard Rustin's Social Democrats, USA, and Michael Harrington's Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. "Some people say that's hypocritical. They say I'm consorting with the enemy. 'The enemy?' That's absurd. I'm sick of all the sectarianism on the Left. I'd like to see them come back together as soon as possible."

Stetin himself was accused of sectarianism in 1948 when he had the union expel two Communist Party mem-

bers from a Paterson textile local. Though a fervent social democrat, he denies he has ever engaged in red-baiting. "I got rid of those two guys for purely pragmatic reasons," he says. "They were dividing the local, disrupting meetings. A meeting would start at 8 o'clock and they wouldn't let you adjourn until 4 in the morning. They'd wait until everybody left, so they could vote through whatever they wanted without any opposition. How can you confront an employer with that kind of division in your own ranks?"

Stetin's earliest allies in the labor movement were "Lovestonites," embittered ex-Communist adherents of the rabid anti-communism of Jay Lovestone, who had been deposed as general secretary of the American Communist Party in 1929 and later became the chief enunciator of the AFL-CIO's cold-war foreign policy. Though he prefers to call himself "non-Communist" rather than anti-Communist, Stetin admits to an abhorrence of the party's tactics. He didn't join the C.P.'s National Textile Workers Union in Paterson in 1933, although several of his relatives were active party members. "My cousin was expelled from the party because he refused to change a book he was writing to suit their line. That had a tremendous effect on me. When I saw what it did to him. . ."

Stetin's Socialist background is reflected in his pacifism. As early as 1965 he voted in support of a resolution before the TWUA Executive Council condemning the war in Vietnam. "I was not as loud in my opposition as I should have been; my friends told me I should go easy on it, because I was about to move up."

Fortunately for Southern textile workers, Stetin did move up, to the TWUA's second highest position in 1968 and to its presidency in 1972. He brought to the office a long history of commitment to organizing the unorganized. As soon as the Paterson textile industry was organized in the early 1930s, Stetin and other local leaders dipped into their meager treasury to send an organizer to the New England mills; they realized they could win no lasting improvements as long as their employers had to compete with unorganized, low-wage companies elsewhere in the country. As a young organizer, he helped pay the expenses of unorganized Southern mill workers to the 1934 convention of the old United Textile Workers. Beginning in the early 1950s, he seized every opportunity to travel in the South on union business, to familiarize himself with the region firsthand. "We were losing jobs and plants to the South at an alarming rate even then. I could see that we had to organize the South to survive." In 1960, as a TWUA area director in the Northeast, he drafted a report recommending that his union and three others undertake a large joint organizing effort in the South. "We cannot wait," concluded the report, "for 'a more favorable atmosphere' which may never come. We ourselves must develop that atmosphere, even if we have to do it slowly and painfully and expensively. . . ." This report led in 1962 to a joint TWUA-Amalgamated Clothing Workers campaign in the Greenville-Spartanburg, S.C. area. That in turn preceded the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department's 1963 decision to aid Stetin's union in a massive organizing drive against J.P. Stevens & Co.

The AFL-CIO's commitment to the Stevens campaign

has wavered over the years since then. Dozens of organizers would be hired during periods of optimism only to be laid off after discouraging defeats. When Stetin joined the executive committee of the labor federation's Industrial Union Department in 1968, he says he "pushed and prodded and agitated for Southern organizing at every meeting I could. I pressed the need for the labor movement to get out of Washington and into the South. And I'm not talking about Miami Beach or Bal Harbour. I'm talking about the South."

Stetin's pleas fell on deaf ears. "I simply didn't speak for enough workers to be listened to seriously in the councils of the labor movement," he says. "And the drastic decline in our dues-paying membership meant we alone couldn't afford the organizing we so desperately needed to do. I knew we needed allies."

Stetin has long been an advocate of union mergers. He proposed the merger of his union, the United Rubber Workers, and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers in 1965, and continued to push the idea until it became clear that the leadership of those unions could not agree on who should be president of a united organization. He then turned to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose 350,000 members, when added to the TWUA's 160,000, would produce a merged organization of more than half a million.

From the start of his discussions with the Amalgamated leadership, Stetin saw that merger with the larger union would mean surrendering his presidency and his seat on the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO. "I felt great anxiety about giving up the position I had worked years to get. I'm human enough to like having power. I tried not to think about it at the time. It hurts me to talk about it even now. But I saw our union declining. I saw its membership dwindling. I saw our inability to make a breakthrough at J.P. Stevens, our inability to organize the unorganized. I really had no choice."

Stetin's long-range view is not shared by many union presidents. One retired labor leader chided him for "letting it get away from you." Stetin charges other high union officials with being smug. "They boast about their sixteen-hour days, and all they've done for the labor movement. That's a lot of crap. The labor movement's done more for me than I'll ever be able to do for it. I was a nobody, until the labor movement gave me a something to be a somebody with. I wanted to put something back into the movement."

"When I leave this earth," said the 67-year-old Stetin, "I want to leave a good name for my children and grandchildren to remember. I think that's what keeps driving me on to organize the South." He says he has no intention of retiring any time soon.

Stetin bargained hard with the Clothing Workers. He insisted, as preconditions for a merger, that they finance a massive consumer boycott of Stevens's products and an expanded organizing drive at the company's plants. The Amalgamated had spent \$5 million on a boycott of the Farah clothing company, and hesitated to invest so heavily in another embargo. For a time it seemed the merger would fall through, but both sides eventually agreed on the importance of organizing the South, and today the merged union is spending \$2 million a year on its Stevens campaign. The combined strength of the new Amalga-

mated Clothing and Textile Workers Union was also instrumental in convincing the AFL-CIO to adopt the current Labor Law Reform bill as its top legislative priority. The bill is known in some quarters as "the J.P. Stevens Bill" because it would stiffen the penalties for illegally squashing organizing drives.

In his new posts of senior executive vice president and director of the new union's textile division, Stetin spends a good deal of time on speaking tours around the country, encouraging organizers and textile workers, promoting the boycott, and acting as the leading apostle of the fledgling union merger movement. "One hundred and fifteen unions is too many," he shouted during a recent South Carolina speech. "The labor movement is too divided. The big conglomerates are putting the little guys we used to deal with out of business. Bigness must be met by bigness. The only way to bargain is from strength."

Stetin reflects the labor movement's unique blend of cynicism and idealism. "People move around a lot politically," he remarked of one ambitious radical lawyer. "They try to move over to the enemy's side. But the enemy rejects them, so they come back to our side. We have to make use of them just like they use us." Yet in the next breath he speaks quite seriously of reviving the old 1930s coalition of intellectuals and union officials. "Labor leaders haven't learned how to accept principled criticism from their allies," he says, warming to his subject. "We need a sort of Fabian Society in this country to sit on the sidelines and criticize us for our own good. We need a third force in America today. Not the established political parties. Not the AFL-CIO. An independent political force to nudge us in the right direction. For

example, Michael Harrington is being too careful now, praising the labor movement too much. I can appreciate what he's trying to do. But that's not the most useful role he can play. He should be giving us hell."

Some say Stetin is living in the past, that the militant unionism he advocates died with the depression. But he may in fact be living in the future, or so the applause he evoked from a September meeting of the South Carolina AFL-CIO would suggest. Gesticulating, jabbing the air furiously with his fists, he inveighed against the banks, the insurance companies, the news media "which hypnotize and tranquilize our people," and, most of all, against J.P. Stevens, whose executives "ought to be thrown in jail where they belong." An old urban Jewish radical, speaking to an audience of largely rural, traditionally conservative Southern Protestants, he created a bond between them, setting them buzzing with admiration and even identification. "We need more like him to get us out of the fix we're in," murmured one heavyset woman with a beehive hairdo. She had almost walked out of the convention when an earlier speaker "took the name of the Lord in vain," yet she felt Stetin understood her day-to-day economic problems and knew what to do about them.

Paradoxically, Stetin's old-fashioned brand of Socialist humanism may have its greatest relevance in the new South. The new affluence produced by the South's economic expansion is not being shared equally among all its people, and new strains are beginning to show in the region's social fabric. The possibility of unionization is discussed earnestly at all levels of Southern society. The time may soon arrive for Stetin's rhetoric to become reality, and for his unselfish realism to be rewarded. □

WITH THE WOMEN AT HOUSTON

FEMINISIM AS NATIONAL POLITICS

LUCY KOMISAR

The blue and green bunting, the state delegation signs, the three-cornered hats that said "Free D.C.," the scurrying floor leaders, the midnight caucuses, the gaggle of reporters—there were all the signs of a political convention at the Houston Women's Conference. It was not a place for arcane discussions about the origins of patriarchy.

Delegates sat for hours on the Spartan folding chairs to approve a series of legislative recommendations that ranged from support of full employment to a call for national health insurance. Representatives of major national women's groups said they would seek adoption of the program by their own boards and members. It marked the entry of a new force into the loose national coalition that works for civil rights, economic justice and social welfare in America.

The meeting was mandated by federal legislation introduced by Bella Abzug in 1975 that called for a national gathering at which American women would recommend

ways to remove the barriers to full equality for their sex. Preliminary conferences open to the public in the states and territories drafted resolutions and elected delegates to Houston. The International Women's Year (IWY) Commission, headed by Abzug, distilled the recommendations into a proposed National Plan of Action. Now, the conference report will be submitted to the President and the Congress. The law instructs Mr. Carter to send Congress his recommendations for action by July.

The 2,000 delegates, gathered in the Sam Houston Coliseum from the morning of November 19 to midday on the 21st, included some 300 members of the National Organization for Women (NOW), a larger number of conservatives, and a diverse collection of pro-feminist churchwomen, trade unionists, political activists and community leaders with careful representation of every

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minority and ethnic group, the aged and the disabled. The Plan of Action they endorsed expands strictly feminist concerns to a broad range of social goals. It establishes support for the principle of federal and state spending to solve such problems as those faced by battered wives, widows or divorced women, rape victims and abused children, and it champions forceful government intervention to promote civil rights, public health and social welfare. The new, Carter-appointed IWY Commission reversed the policy of the commission Gerald Ford appointed when it supported resolutions calling for full employment, national health insurance, child-abuse legislation and civil rights for homosexuals.

The proposals were adopted with little dispute among the feminists, partly because of a real consensus and partly from fear of playing into the hands of the Right by delaying action and not reaching a vote on all the motions. The "Pro-Plan Caucus," supported by NOW, the Women's Political Caucus, the Jewish caucus, the labor caucus and others, urged everyone to accept the resolutions without change, exceptions being made for amendments by the minority, disabled and welfare caucuses.

The mood of the delegates was to give the most deprived groups whatever they wanted, and the conference approved a substitute motion attacking the Carter administration's welfare reform bill which eliminates food stamps, Comprehensive Employment and Training Act training, CETA jobs paying more than the minimum wage, and requires recipients to work off their grants. Minority delegates cheered in elation at the overwhelming acceptance of a resolution developed by an alliance of American Indians, Alaskan Natives, Asian/Pacific women, Hispanics and blacks that set forth their individual concerns; it was the first time they had worked together in such a coalition.

The resolution on sexual preference also passed easily, although several delegates, including former IWY staff chief Catherine East, warned that it was not a feminist issue and would hurt chances for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). The attack on gay rights by right-wing groups helped convince many feminists that they could not turn their backs on the lesbians' demands.

The atmosphere grew tense during the abortion debates when the "anti's" stood up with giant-sized color photos of fetuses and then paraded down to the stage when they lost the vote. "All we are saying is give life a chance," they sang. They were quickly drowned out by the mass of delegates and observers chanting, "Choice, choice, choice, choice. . . ."

The other resolutions were a litany of feminist demands—the ERA (dramatically advocated by Susan B. Anthony, a descendant of the suffragist), equality in jobs and education, federally supported child care, changes in rape trial procedures and the like. A new proposal sought legislation to provide "equal pay for work of equal value," a concept that could prevent employers from paying secretaries less than unskilled male workers earn. The plan also asked aid for the aged, the homemakers and women in prison.

The conference turned down a proposal for a Cabinet-level department of women. Some feminists thought it

would isolate women or co-opt them into the political establishment, and the conservatives opposed it as more hated bureaucracy. However, the commission itself will continue, and the law calls for it to hold a future conference to assess women's progress.

Do the resolutions passed in Houston represent what American women want? Some 130,000 of them attended the regional open meetings that drew up the demands and elected the delegates that approved the final plan. It is impossible to prove that they represent American women at large, but they certainly speak for an important chunk of those in the country who are active and organized.

The significance of the Houston Conference is that, under the neutral sponsorship of the government, and through the elected delegates and delegates at large, it gathered the major women's organizations and made it possible for them to approve a comprehensive national political program that belongs equally to all of them, because it was not proposed by any one of them.

Since delegates voted as individuals rather than as organizational representatives, they could support resolutions about which many of their groups have as yet no policy. At the same time, the imprimatur of the Houston meeting will encourage those organizations to accept much of the plan as it is and to acknowledge its concerns as "women's issues" worth their attention.

The private discussions in the commission-appointed delegates at large section may have been as important as the floor debate. There, in rows behind the state groups, sat the national leaders of organizations like the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Association of Junior Leagues and Zonta International. "I don't think those of us who came to the conference will leave here the same," declared Blanche Shukow, head of National American Affairs for Hadassah. Seated next to her, Janice Kissner, national president of Zeta Phi Beta and a vice president of the National Council of Negro Women, nodded her assent. "A certain kinship, a certain closeness has evolved. I felt hostile before toward a lot of white women. After coming here and seeing that they had sympathy and empathy, I have a feeling of sisterhood. . . . I think we have many more things in common than I thought we had." "There will be more coalitions," predicted Shukow.

One already spawned is the Women's Conference Network, an alliance of some forty organizations that includes the American Jewish Committee, Church Women United, the League of Women Voters and the National Education Association. It was set up in August to assure the success of the conference, and it will meet again in December to work out a plan of future action. Nancy Joyner, vice president of the American Association of University Women which organized the network, said, "We will coordinate the drafting of legislation and the steering it through committee to the floor and to the President."

Relaxing in her hotel room after the last session, Bella Abzug predicted the establishment of a national and state-wide system of communication through the organizational

leaders who had been at the meeting. "They are the conduits to their organizations. We have to break them down into Congressional districts and get them moving."

The work accomplished at Houston is likely to be felt even in the Republican Party. There were more than 100 delegates at a Republican Caucus, and Geridee Wheeler, IWY commissioner and Republican National Committee-woman for North Dakota, said she will use the report at half a dozen regional women's conferences the GOP will hold this spring.

Mary Crisp, an Arizona delegate and vice chairman of the Republican National Committee, is already under pressure because of her feminist stands and will be the target of an attempt by the Right to remove her in January. She does not agree with all the federal solutions proposed in the plan. "As a Republican, I would prefer achieving child care in the private sector. I'd go this route before I'd go the other." However, she declared somewhat obliquely, "We've got to win elections, and we've got to run candidates that are in tune with the American people."

Elly Peterson, former assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee and former party chairman in Michigan, is blunter. If the private sector will not take on the solution of women's problems, she asserted, the government must. "Federal spending is a euphemism. They [the opponents] have no compassion. I see Republican Congressmen voting for a great many things that cost money."

If Republican leaders like Wheeler, Crisp and Peterson use their influence to promote the kinds of federal social-welfare measures and civil rights intervention the GOP has traditionally opposed, there will probably be a clash with the Right. Stop-ERA leader Phyllis Schlafly, a right-wing Republican who is expected to challenge Illinois Sen. Charles Percy in the 1978 Republican primary, has already made an alliance with Howard Philip's Conservative Caucus, which aims to elect right wingers to Congress. The demand that the GOP support feminism and federal spending is certain to provoke a test of strength between the party's factions.

On the Democratic side, White House aide Midge Costanza said that top administration officials who attended the conference will hold a meeting with President Carter in December to discuss the proposals. The groups represented in Houston are largely in the Democratic column, and his appointees are expected to tell him to pay attention.

There will also be meetings with state executives and legislators. Midge Miller, a Democratic member of the Wisconsin state legislature, said, "We plan in our delegation, and I'm sure they will do it in others, to take this plan home and meet with our Governor and legislative leadership to see what is needed for Wisconsin. It will give us a platform." Nancy Deane, a national board member of the American Association of University Women, noted that women elected from her state of New Hampshire were "charged with returning home to work on a state plan of action. It was a charge to most of the delegates in the states."

Journalists who covered the conference made much of the angry conservatives who took the microphones repeatedly to charge that they were being denied their right to speak and that resolutions were being railroaded. In fact, IWY presiding officer Bella Abzug made sure that opposing views were heard on the controversial issues. Once, when she thought debate was going to be cut off on a pro-abortion motion, she left the podium hurriedly to tell several "Pro-plan" floor leaders, "I won't stand for this. These people have got a right to speak against this." However, whenever the Right got a change to propose its amendments, the votes against them were overwhelming.

Phyllis Schlafly used the Houston event as a stage for press conferences attacking the IWY commission, the conference and the delegates' support of the ERA, abortion, government-aided child care and homosexual rights. It was all meant, she said, to destroy the family. On Saturday afternoon, she spoke at a rally of more than 10,000 people who had been bused into town from around the country by church organizations, anti-abortion and stop-ERA groups.

Schlafly had not attempted to become an elected delegate to the conference, and Indiana state Sen. Joan Gubbins, conspicuous in a wide-brimmed yellow felt hat, acted as floor leader for what feminists took to calling the "anti's." On the first day, reporters received copies of their proposed amendments to the IWY plan, and the next morning they got a minority report that purported to represent the delegates who wore yellow "Majority" ribbons—a claim to show that they represented the majority of Americans who, they said, opposed feminist goals.

The minority report, like the amendments, called for "a marketplace free of government control and regulations." Gubbins told the press that meant abolition of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration and of the minimum wage. The report opposed government-sponsored refuges for battered wives; it objected to a national health program; it was against disarmament and reductions in military spending, and said the United States should return to "the undisputed position of Number 1 in defense." It turned out that the handful of women Gubbins said had drawn up the proposals apparently had not bothered to show them to their anti-abortion, anti-ERA supporters. "Majority" women I interviewed said they had never seen either document; they had some disagreements.

Kitty Reichenback, a 60-year-old widow and co-leader of the Alabama delegation, belongs to Schlafly's Eagle Forum, Stop-ERA and an anti-abortion group. However, she voted for the resolution on federal action to prevent child abuse, because "I think we need to do something." Texas delegate Eva Cuadra, a woman in her 30s, wore a "Majority" ribbon, but said, "There ought to be action to change the inheritance laws, which are unfair. The widow has to pay taxes on the property she gets." "Majority" delegate Evelyn Caine, a woman in her 60s from Mississippi, said what she opposed was the federal financing and control of the proposals. "My only objection to the ERA is government control. I would work

and support every one of these programs if they weren't federally controlled. I wanted the city of Jackson to pick up day-care expenses. We went to the City Council. They heard us politely and moved on to the next thing on the agenda. Our whole City Council was voted out in the last election, so we have another chance." Another "Majority" delegate voted for the resolution on government aid for the disabled. "I have real sympathy for the disabled," she explained, "and anything we can do for them is just not enough."

Several delegates said they were wearing the yellow ribbons because someone had come around and passed them out, that it meant they were pro-family, anti-abortion and anti-ERA. However, the anti-federal intervention position of these women is sometimes at odds with their genuine social conscience and compassion. The press has been wrong to assume that they are a tight-knit group, marching in step to every Schlafly command.

Even some of the participants at the "Pro-Family" rally did not support the whole "Pro-Family" platform. Judy Cline, 33, came with a busload of anti-abortionists and Stop-ERA activists from Franklin, Ky. "I don't think I'd be in favor of the minimum wage being abolished," she said. "And we need some more legislation on protecting battered wives and rape victims."

Senator Gubbins herself showed that there can be chinks in the right-wing armor. When the vote against the child-abuse resolution was called, the women in her delegation started to rise and were confused when she remained seated. "I'm against the first part (calling for federal funds), but I'm for the rest of it (proposing state programs). I'm abstaining." She waved her hand. "You do whatever you want."

That is a far cry from Schlafly's response at one of her press conferences to a reporter who asked if she opposed government-supported shelters for battered women. "It is just simply beyond me how giving a wife who's been beaten an R&R tour or vacation at the taxpayers' expense is going to solve her problem," she declared. "I would think that the husband would be more inclined to beat her more if he thinks that she just will get a taxpayers' paid rest cure for the next week." The reporters gasped.

Schlafly is probably aware that some of her positions would alienate part of the public she hopes to make her Senatorial constituency. Although her anti-ERA literature includes an attack on the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, a current popular far-Right issue, she denied at one press conference that she supported abolition, then moderated that the next day to say she had no position, after Gubbins said the minority report favored ending OSHA.

In fact, Schlafly's interest in economic and foreign policy questions is at the heart of her organization of the anti-ERA movement. She set up her Eagle Forum in 1967 after losing a bid to become president of the National Federation of Republican Women; its first mission was to support conservative candidates, especially for the 1968 Presidential nomination.

Now, she uses the Eagle Forum and the sometimes-affiliated Stop-ERA groups to promote the right-wing

line on collective bargaining, right-to-work laws, taxes, regional government, busing, the ban on Rhodesian chrome and American control of the Panama Canal. She is also moving her supporters into alliances with groups like the Conservative Caucus and the American Conservative Union, which work to elect candidates to national and state office.

The Houston Women's Conference made it clear that the feminist issue has become part of the national political debate and that proponents and opponents of women's rights have taken their places in the general alignments of Right and Left. It is significant that the moderates have attached themselves to the feminist camp.

An important related development is the sensitizing of feminists to the role of the labor movement in winning rights for women workers. Half a dozen years ago, NOW set up a trade union task force, and some time later women officials and staff of such unions as the United Auto Workers and the Communication Workers organized the feminist Coalition of Labor Union Women (CLUW).

One IWY commissioner who chaired a conference session was Addie Wyatt, vice president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen and vice President of CLUW. When she was introduced, a delegation rose to sing a rousing chorus of "Solidarity Forever."

Representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers passed out literature urging women to support action against J.P. Stevens & Co. which has refused to bargain with Southern textile workers, many of whom are women. A thousand people signed postcards to the Avon Company, which is known for aiding feminist causes, urging that its chairman resign from the Stevens board.

The conference also passed a resolution asking President Carter to consider the obstacles women face in organizing traditionally nonunionized jobs when he makes appointments to the National Labor Relations Board or seeks amendments to the National Labor Relations Act.

In effect, the women's movement has become a bridge between groups that represent very different social interests. It is bringing into the general movement for liberal social change women in business and the professions, women who are Republicans, clubwomen who have spent their past time in charity work and women who have never been involved in politics at all but who see political action and alliances as necessary to their own goals.

Conservatives are right to view this as a threat. ☐

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Misreading the Fourteenth Amendment

GOVERNMENT BY JUDICIARY: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment. By Raoul Berger. Harvard University Press. 483 pp. \$15.

E. RICHARD LARSON

Several years ago when we were preoccupied with claims of executive privilege and the prospect of Presidential impeachment, the distinguished legal historian Raoul Berger single-handedly clarified these two areas with his books, *Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth* and *Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems*.

Today's constitutional preoccupation is with affirmative action programs for minorities, especially the program currently at issue before the Supreme Court in *Regents of the University of California v. Bakke*. Again, we have Professor Berger. But it is not the minor issue of affirmative action that he addresses; his terrain is now the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Believing "that the dust has settled," Berger advances as his anti-consensual thesis that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment specifically intended to exclude from its ambit any coverage of school desegregation, any provision for voting rights or voting equality, and any application of the Bill of Rights to the states. He similarly proposes that Congress by implication specifically denied the Supreme Court its power under Article III of the Constitution to review any cases arising under the Fourteenth Amendment. Berger thus asserts not only that the Supreme Court wrongly decided the school desegregation case of *Brown v. Board of Education*, the one-man, one-vote case of *Baker v. Carr*, and a legion of other cases but also that the Court is not empowered even to hear such cases. As dubious as his theses may appear even as bald propositions, they are, he asserts, "conclusively" proven by the historical record of the 39th Congress that gave birth to the Fourteenth Amendment.

Determining the precise meaning even of a detailed statute from its legislative history is often a formidable task. But

it is much more complicated to accomplish this while also attending to the general principles contained in the Constitution. This is the problem involved in interpreting any principles of the Fourteenth Amendment, including those embodied in the equal protection clause.

Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment broadly guarantees "equal protection of the laws." Unlike Berger, John Bingham, a radical Republican and author of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment, did not read that clause narrowly (nor did he read the other provisions of Section 1 narrowly).

Prior to passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, Congress enacted the Civil Rights Act of 1866 over Presidential veto. That Act, as initially drafted, prohibited any "discrimination in civil rights" and further guaranteed various enumerated rights. Although John Bingham doubted the constitutionality of the Act, supported only by the recently ratified Thirteenth Amendment, he ardently supported the Act's broad prohibition. When the broad prohibition was deleted, Bingham argued that the bill now was too narrow, and that it still was probably unconstitutional. Without the broad prohibition, he voted against the bill's passage and later voted to sustain President Johnson's veto.

Bingham's acknowledged goal was broader than enactment of a narrow statute. Earlier in 1866 he had proposed a constitutional amendment guaranteeing "equal protection." Democrats thought the measure too broad. Andrew Jackson Rogers stated: "Under this amendment, Congress would have the power to compel the state to provide for white children and black children to attend the same school." Others believed that the measure was too broad in that it guaranteed equality even in areas not pertaining to racial discrimination. With other matters pending before Congress, debate on the amendment was postponed.

In the meantime, another amendment was proposed by the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. Bingham maneuvered successfully within the committee to add a broad "equal protection of the laws" guarantee. Thaddeus Stevens, a radical Republican in the House and a member of the committee,

supported the guarantee as applicable to all the "unjust legislation of the States, so far that the law which operates upon one man shall operate equally upon all." Henry Raymond, a moderate Republican, supported the broad "principle" of the guarantee. In the Senate, Joint Committee member and floor manager Jacob Howard pledged that the amendment "abolishes all class legislation in the States and does away with the injustice of subjecting one class of persons to a code not applicable to another." The radicals carried the day. The Amendment, with Section 1 intact, passed the Senate 33 to 11. The House sent it to the country by 120 to 32.

This version of the Congressional intent of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment will not meet the pleasure of Raoul Berger. His argument, in a nutshell, is that by the equal protection clause, Congress intended to protect no more than the specific rights enumerated in the 1866 Act. Despite this thesis, he never reconciles the single, general sentence of the Amendment ("nor shall any State . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws") with the specific, enumerated rights of the 1866 Act (e.g., "to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property"). Instead, Berger concentrates on the remarks of only certain of the legislators in order to support his argument that they sought to exclude rights of suffrage and of desegregation from the enumerated rights of the 1866 Act. In dealing with the Fourteenth Amendment, Berger asks: "Where is the evidence of a change of purpose?" But that evidence, we have seen, is provided by Bingham, Howard, and others.

Berger's argument is both too narrow and too confused, possibly because of his unwillingness to recognize the extent to which Congress did carry out the principles of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendment guarantees. Omitted entirely from his analysis is any discussion of the Freedmen's Bureau Acts of 1864, 1865 and 1866 (which, *inter alia*, extended educational

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Poems by Debora Greger

THE SEDUCTION OF SOLITUDE

*You find yourself awake one morning,
early, as if it were easy. That woman
who said your case was a confusion
of mere admiration with love*

*was right. What you felt
was what you'd feel, by candle,
for any plain woman
playing difficult music. It was*

*Chopin you loved, and early death.
And now the night has left,
slipping away like a lover
with the last word.*

*You see the corners of your life
cramped in the corners of this room.
The one chair holds the evening's
clothes wrinkling in the light*

*that shifts through the branches.
They knock against the window like hands.
Was that what woke you? The sound
of leaves brushing your ear?*

*What was a kiss becomes the leftover
orchid, its forced bloom browning
in the hard light that angles
through the cracks between curtains,*

*hitting you squarely
until you move over in the bed,
taking in this day.*

NOT YOU

*I wanted to be the man with two pairs of shoes,
the day brown or black.
I wanted to be the cook in the all-night diner
cutting onions, rubbing his eyes.
I wanted to be the man at the corner waiting
at three a.m. for the light to change,
for five a.m. and dawn, something
to send him home.*

*The window is cool and hard against my cheek.
In your chair I shift and the wood creaks;
it means nothing in the way
the old and familiar mean nothing.
Or nothing right.*

*The dream of a house
almost like this one. The rooms shift,
I slip on the watery floor, there is a man
at the kitchen table who isn't you.*

*I want to be you, your sleep
unreached by the birds outside
calling for light.
I want to be you, your measured breathing.*

BODY OF WORK

*Counting under her breath, intent
on landing in her partner's arms
on making it look as natural
as the collision at an intersection*

*of two strangers unaware that they share
a lover, the dancer can't tell you
what music she crosses to. Something
with a beat. Her own pulse?*

*Something for violin and piano.
What Beethoven wrote for a man who found it
impossible. What Tolstoy used
to drive a character to murder.*

*Something left spinning because
to stop, to rise before you, to cross
the long room and not to break anything
is beyond me. Encased in this body,*

*I see to the end of the street, not far
enough to see the rise of mountain,
the scar where, under sky of a season
out of place, lightning clawed its way down.*

*I feel the charred face brood, as I do.
How I hate this body, its stupid,
sullen secrets. Its armed resistance
in the face of—I can't say it.*

*A disease. Incommunicable. Stubborn
as a man in love not with the notion
of love but with someone in a body
like this one. Stubborn as the woman*

*perched stiffly on the end of your bed,
whom you mean to convince you know
better than she knows herself.
Feather ruffler, how can you be sure?*

benefits to blacks), of the Enforcement Act of 1870 (which, *inter alia*, reenacted the 1866 Act to insure its constitutionality), of the Civil Rights Act of 1871 (which paralleled the broad equal protection guarantee of the Fourteenth Amendment) and of the Civil Rights Act of 1875 (which, *inter alia*, prohibited discrimination in private accommodations). By omitting this history, as well as any discussion of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, Berger has chosen not to tell us that the Reconstruction Congress was controlled by the radical Republicans and that it truly was a revolutionary Congress which overwhelmingly invaded and invalidated states' rights.

Berger's militantly industrious overkill disassembles his own solitary argument. For example, by paraphrasing and quoting noncontextual declarations from the Reconstruction Congress, Berger seeks to prove that equal suffrage could not have been included in the Fourteenth Amendment's equal protection clause precisely because the very concept of black suffrage was politically abhorrent to the Republican Congress. Yet, as Berger himself points out 80 pages later, that very same Congress a mere two years later adopted the Fifteenth Amendment to guarantee with precision that which Berger argues it abhorred.

Berger cannot limit his broadsides to Reconstruction legislators since much modern legal scholarship has arrived at conclusions opposite to his own. He rejects the extensive research and interpretations of acknowledged Fourteenth Amendment scholars Alexander Bickel, Alfred Kelly and William Van Alstyne, claiming that they constitute no more than "hypotheses of speculative fabric." And Fourteenth Amendment scholar Jacobus ten Broek, whose extensive writing at Stanford University focused entirely on the legislative history of the Reconstruction Amendments and Civil Rights Acts, is blithely dismissed as a "fuzzy" "neoabolitionist" who "proves too much."

When the evidence is against him, Berger tries to carry his case by redundancy: he apparently believes that an argument twice stated is more persuasive than one once stated, that an argument many times repeated becomes absolute truth. Nor does it help his case to premise his views upon the frequent use of "it is reasonable to infer" and thereafter to assert that his reading of the Fourteenth Amendment is "incontrovertible."

LETTER TO A POET

*Here in this fireplace the flame dies into
ash and the night closes in, gray, winged:
a silent, deadly air as heavy as old snow.
I must write you, now, that your felt presence
is enough, that the stilling voice of your poem
goes the way of fire, consumes, and is done,
that the voice sings through wood, and iron, attic
flue, and what's left is the heavy weight of ash,
an old snow for old men to worship in.
Clothed in this mourning air, I kneel here to
find one coal, one burning wing of light,
an affirmation. Something as inexplicable
as words has risen through my open hands.*

Jim Barnes

Despite the many flaws in Berger's views and presentation, *Government by Judiciary* may not be lightly dismissed. His scholarship on impeachment and executive privilege is widely respected. Although he now has entered the Fourteenth Amendment debate more forcefully than his evidence allows, he will undoubtedly become a factor in that debate.

Berger does not believe, as John Marshall did, that ours is "a constitution intended to endure for ages to come, and consequently to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs."

Instead, he accuses the Supreme Court of "unconstitutionally usurping power," twice invoking a parallel between the Court and Hitler. And although he declines to write a "blueprint for a rollback" affecting a "formidable" list of cases, he submits that "the difficulty of a rollback cannot excuse the continuation of such unconstitutional practices" by the Supreme Court.

If Professor Berger has his way, the dust has not settled on the Fourteenth Amendment. Unfortunately, his views may soon be espoused by several members of the Supreme Court. □

The Musician's Dialogue

THE WRITINGS OF ELLIOTT CARTER. Edited by Else Stone and Kurt Stone. Indiana University Press. 390 pp. \$18.50.

ROBERT P. MORGAN

Several times in this volume, Elliott Carter touches upon the difficulty of writing about music—on "the inadequacy of words to grasp something that is far more real to [the composer] in many respects than words can be." Yet he also observes: "How serious music would have developed without its accompaniment of verbiage is hard to imagine, and it seems that in most cases it was the composer who led the way with new ideas and approaches. . . ." Like so many composers among his predecessors and contemporaries, Carter has not been content to let his musical ideas speak for themselves; throughout his career he has carried on an active and productive intellectual dialogue with

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his own works and those of others, attempting to clarify—as explicitly as "flawed words" will allow him—his own musical responses and attitudes.

Carter is probably the most widely acclaimed American composer now active; and this book, which brings together virtually all of his articles and reviews published through 1976, represents an invaluable source of material for those interested in the current state of music in this country and its development over the past forty years. Carter writes with surprising ease and simplicity for a composer who has evolved a compositional manner of breathtaking complexity. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he is not concerned solely with technical matters. When he does touch upon these, as happens with more frequency in the later essays, he seems to be mainly interested in their relationships to more general issues and, above all, to his own expressive intentions.

Carter began his writing career in 1937 as a regular music critic for *Modern Music*, the most important profes-

sional journal of the time devoted to new music. Since the current volume is arranged chronologically, a major portion of its first part (almost a third of the total contents) consists of reviews that appeared in those pages between 1937 and 1946 (when the journal ceased publication). These pieces are mainly devoted to New York concerts, although there are also some pieces on important premières in other cities, as well as reviews of contemporary operas, ballets, movies and plays.

Carter attempts to give as broad a view as possible of new music and, with few exceptions, each review covers several concerts and a large number of compositions. Thus very little is said about individual pieces (commonly a work is accorded no more than a sentence or two); and although Carter has an uncanny ability to say something interesting and suggestive about a composition in very few words, the reader's attention is often taxed by what at times seems like little more than a listing. Also, many of the composers who are discussed will be known only to specialists in 20th-century American music.

Yet after going through these pages, I found that I had received a surprisingly vivid picture of the period in question. For whereas one learns little about particular pieces, one gains a fascinating glimpse of the larger musical situation of that time. Carter's own leanings then were neoclassical and somewhat popularist in focus, a position shared by most of his contemporaries; and it is instructive to see how this general orientation is reflected in his views of various musical tendencies then prevalent. As might be expected, considerable emphasis is placed on music that is structurally transparent and straightforward in expression. Yet what is most striking, particularly in regard to Carter's own later development, is how open he is to other kinds of music. Almost in spite of himself, he seems to be fascinated by, and in some way drawn to, the intricacies of such figures as Schönberg, Webern, Berg and Varèse.

Carter stopped writing for *Modern Music* at a moment when his own compositional thinking was beginning to undergo profound changes, changes that would lead him into the new, highly personal regions of musical discourse that have occupied him since the early 1950s. Inevitably, there is a shift of emphasis in the later articles from the music of others to his own. Although there are still a number of essays on other composers, these are now more extended technical discussions of figures

toward whom he feels particularly drawn: Stravinsky, Walter Piston, Roger Sessions, Stefan Wolpe and, above all, Charles Ives.

Indeed, Ives's name runs like a leit-motif through much of this volume. There are several articles devoted entirely to him, which taken together form an important document detailing Carter's changing views toward his great American predecessor. Carter first met Ives in 1924, as a 16-year-old high school student who was greatly drawn to the older composer both musically and personally. During his early years as a professional, however, Carter, no doubt influenced by his musical training at Harvard and in Paris, as well as by the generally conservative artistic atmosphere of the time, underwent a strong negative reaction to Ives.

One of the most substantial *Modern Music* pieces is a long, troubled and essentially hostile review of the *Concord Sonata*, written after its first complete performance by John Kirkpatrick in 1939. Although Carter admires the originality of its details, he notes that "in form and aesthetic it is basically conventional" and "behind all this confused texture there is a lack of logic which repeated hearings can never clarify." Especially, he objects to the strongly "improvisational" character—although how this is to be reconciled with its "basically conventional" aesthetic is unfortunately not considered. Yet, significantly, in closing his review Carter remarks: "... it is not until we have had a much greater opportunity to examine and hear his music that Ives's position as a composer can be determined."

When Carter next takes up Ives, in a 1944 review of the *Essays Before a Sonata*, there is a distinct shift in attitude: "Reading them, one cannot help feeling that such a man with such ideas must be capable of writing exceptional music." Again remarking on the need for more performances of Ives's music, he observes that "however fascinating it may be to speculate about, its actual sound will be more enthralling." (Carter was himself to play a central role in bringing some of Ives's previously unperformed works before the public in the late 1940s.) And by 1955, he finds Ives of sufficient importance to devote most of an article on "The Rhythmic Basis of American Music" to a consideration of his radical explorations of complex durational relationships.

Yet Carter has never completely overcome his ambivalent feelings toward Ives. In a recent (1974) article, while acknowledging the importance of the polymetric formations and the multiple

layerings in Ives's music for his own development, he is still bothered by "the disturbing lack of musical and stylistic continuity" caused by the use of musical quotations: "To me a composer develops his own personal language, suitable to express his field of experience and thought. When he borrows music from another style and thought than his own, he is admitting that he did not really experience what he is presenting but has to borrow from someone else who did."

This last quote puts the whole question of Carter's attitude toward Ives in particularly sharp focus. It has always been conditioned largely by his own "personal language," and it has changed very much according to the way this language has evolved. Thus the multi-dimensional rhythmic and textural aspects of Ives have taken on great significance for Carter, while the explorations of new ways of using "borrowed" materials—certainly as radical and suggestive in implication as those in the rhythmic domain—remain puzzling to him, just because they are so far removed from his own compositional inclinations.

What this means, of course, is that Carter's discussions of Ives tell us as much (indeed, perhaps more) about Carter as about Ives. This, it seems to me, is as it should be. Carter is above all a composer, and what he writes about music—and this becomes increasingly evident as one reads the latter part of this volume—is largely determined by his personal concerns.

It is not surprising, then, that the book's most provocative passages occur in Carter's discussions of his own work. The vast bulk of the material in the second half consists of a number of extended articles dealing with various technical facets of his music, as well as program notes written for concerts and recordings of individual compositions. On whatever level they are written, Carter's descriptions are models of clarity and offer valuable aids for an intelligent aural approach to his music. He has an enviable gift for finding vivid images to characterize complex musical situations, as in his description of the final section of the *Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras*: "The Coda begins with a crash and then, like a large gong, dies away over many measures in wave-like patterns, with many diverse tone colors fading out and returning—each time slightly different and each time with less energy—until the work subsides into a quiet close."

Reading over this material one gains a broad view of the extraordinary de-

velopment of Carter's more recent musical thinking. Spurred in the middle 1940s by a wish to create a more challenging and durable music, he grew dissatisfied with neoclassicism:

In considering change, process, evolution as music's prime factor, I found myself in direct opposition to the static repetitiveness of most early 20th-century music, against the squared-off articulation of the neo-classics and, indeed, against much of what is written today in which "first you do this for a while, then you do that." I wanted to mix up "this" and "that," make them interact in other ways than by linear succession. Too, I questioned the inner shape of "this" and "that"—of musical ideas—as well as their degrees of linking or non-linking. Musical discourse needed as thorough a rethinking as harmony had at the beginning of the century.

Carter conceives of musical events in essentially dramatic terms, as "character studies in various states of interaction," as "various kinds of cause and effect patterns" to be combined simultaneously and juxtaposed sequentially in the flow of a new kind of musical continuity. The technical aspects of what he calls this "emancipated musical discourse" are explored in several articles that focus primarily on rhythmic matters, for it is in this domain that Carter's music has been most revolutionary. He examines the systematic procedures through which he combines and coordinates independent but related rates of speed, enabling him to maintain two or more levels of rhythmic activity and to change one such level into another through various transformational processes.

Even when his writing is at its most technical, however, one notes Carter's concern for the broader implications of his work: "No technique is of much intrinsic value; its importance for the composer and listeners lies only in the particular use made of it to further the artistic qualities and character of an actual work. If in discussing his works, therefore, he points out a procedure, he is bound to feel that he is drawing attention to something of secondary importance and by dwelling on it misleading others into thinking of it as primary."

And in one of his most probing (and recent) articles, "Music and the Time Screen," he specifically attempts to "humanize" his rhythmic techniques by discussing them in terms of various 20th-century concepts of time encountered in philosophers such as Bergson and Husserl and writers such as Proust and Mann, thus offering more general par-

allels to his notion of "a special dimension of time, that of 'multiple perspective,' in which various contrasting characters are presented simultaneously." As Carter notes, this modified temporal dimension not only fosters the exploration of new possibilities of a purely musical nature, it enables him to "give expression to experiences anyone living today must have when confronted by so many remarkable examples of unexpected types of changes and relationships of character."

The editors of the volume, Else and Kurt Stone, have wisely decided to present the writings in chronological order rather than grouping them by topic.

Quite properly, this places the emphasis on Carter himself. Moreover, the organizational problems of an arrangement by topic, given Carter's habit of allowing his discussions to range over unusually broad areas, would have been enormous and ultimately self-defeating. In any event, a detailed index is included for those wishing to know what has been written on a particular composer or subject. There is also a list of the few articles not included in this collection. The editors have supplied a brief introduction, plus a biographical sketch that includes a listing of Carter's major compositions. They have put together a handsome and important book. □

Revolutionary Promise

SOUTHERN AFRICA IN CRISIS. Edited by Gwendolen M. Carter and Patrick O'Meara. Indiana University Press. 279 pp. \$12.50.

THE ROOTS OF RURAL POVERTY IN CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN AFRICA. Edited by Robin Palmer and Neil Parsons. University of California Press. 430 pp. \$14.50. Paper \$5.95.

REVOLUTION IN THE THIRD WORLD: Myths and Prospects. By Gérard Chaliand. Viking Press. 195 pp. \$11.95.

PETER DREYER

"I have come to Africa because in so many ways the challenges of Africa are the challenges of the modern era," Henry Kissinger proclaimed grandiloquently in April 1976. A month later, on May 17, the pupils of the Orlando West Junior Secondary School in Soweto threw down a small but historic gauntlet, walking out of their classrooms in protest against compulsory instruction in Afrikaans. A challenge is what you make of it, and white South Africa was nonplussed; few understood at the time what they were witnessing. "Have you ever heard of 13-year-old children striking?" asked a puzzled school inspector. These were the children of Bantu Education, a system devised with no other end in mind than to train them for perpetual servitude. They have never known any other condition. Who shall say that their action was not a triumph of the human spirit?

A great deal has happened since then, and South Africa has gone a long way down the road to full-dress fascism. The policy of the government remains

what it has always been: white hegemony—more particularly Afrikaner hegemony—in a subcontinent made safe for foreign investment. (Cf. Gérard Chaliand's definition of the aim of Kissinger's foreign policy: "a stable world order dominated by U.S. hegemony.") On June 16 the children's challenge was met—by machine-gun fire. But as of the time of writing, a year and a half later, they have not been cowed, and many thousands of them are still on strike.

It has been suggested by some Western analysts, with perhaps a hint of wishful thinking, that the events of the past eighteen months in Soweto and other black townships constitute no more than "a new Sharpeville." According to this scenario, black leadership will be decimated as it shows itself, while the masses of the people are whipped back into submission by calculated police terror; international outrage and the flight of foreign investment will be no more than temporary, as was the case after Sharpeville.

It is argued that the recent arms embargo is no immediate threat to South Africa's defense. Trading in gold futures indicates that a further substantial rise in the gold price—of critical importance to South Africa's economy—is anticipated for next year (though this may not come about if the Soviet Union sells bullion to pay for expected grain imports). Neither is there any doubt that the Vorster government has every intention of hanging tough—perhaps on

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the assumption that it will hang in any case.

In the years since 1960, however, there has been a profound change of consciousness among black South Africans. This owes a great deal to the late Steve Biko and his co-workers in the South African Students Organization (SASO) and the Black People's Convention (BPC), both now banned. External developments, particularly the spectacular collapse of Portuguese rule in Angola and Mozambique, have also had a great effect. And, as Gwendolen Carter says, the completely urbanized black youth who have demonstrated and rioted with such persistence since June 1976 "have absorbed black consciousness out of the conditions under which they must live." The regimented world of apartheid bureaucracy and the endless reaches of identical four-roomed "matchboxes" that make up Soweto have bred an uncompromising generation. And the Black Consciousness Movement is not a hierarchical organization—Biko was very aware of the dangers of this—so that seeking to identify and eliminate the "leadership" won't stop it.

Government arrogance has, moreover, brought about the solidarity of substantial sections of the "coloured" and "Indian" populations under the banner of Black Consciousness. These groups customarily identified themselves more with the white stratum, whose privileges they were allowed to share to some extent, than with the black masses. They might have been at least partially incorporated into the electorate without serious threat to the power structure. But today they have been totally alienated. So-called "coloureds," who now angrily reject the appellation "nonwhite" and its manifold negative implications in favor of "black," were at the time of Sharpeville distinctly fearful of black aspirations as represented by the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC). In Cape Town during the 1960 State of Emergency, for example, the only person I heard voice "they-should-mow-the-bastards-down" sentiments was, in fact, a "coloured" building contractor.

There may actually be some reason to think that the consciousness of white South Africans is being affected. White rule in a hostile world is dependent on monolithic solidarity, but every step taken toward fascism will tend to split the racist consensus. On the one hand there is the probability that Mr. Vorster and his Cabinet are no longer in full control of the Bureau of State Security (BOSS). On the other, young Afrikan-

ers, like the well-known poet Breyten Breytenbach, now serving a nine-year sentence under the Terrorism Act, are turning up in increasing numbers in the ranks of the "enemy." Still, it is likely that what Gwendolen Carter calls "the expectation of domination over peoples of color" is so deeply rooted in the white South African mentality that only catastrophe will shake it. Apartheid is not merely a policy, it is white South Africa's way of life. One of the manifestations of this myopia is an inability to realize the nature of the South African emergency, or to understand the world's revulsion.

Though the Vorster regime no longer possesses the initiative of which it was so confident a few years ago, it continues to play its cards to maximum advantage, working assiduously to establish a buffer zone of neutralized client states between the apartheid heartland and the tier of hostile nations to the north. This is in itself not an altogether impossible goal, even now. In his contribution to *Southern Africa in Crisis*, Tony Hodges makes plain the degree to which economic dependence has influenced the militant Frelimo government in Mozambique in its relations with South Africa. South African goods continue to pass in quantity through the port of Maputo, and the great Cabora Bassa hydroelectric scheme (the fourth largest in the world) has no other market for its power than South Africa's cities. "We do not pretend to be the saviors of the world," Mozambique's Foreign Minister Joachim

Chissano has said. "We will not be saviors or the reformers of South Africa. That belongs to the people of South Africa." It is significant, however, that the number of migrant workers from Mozambique in the South African gold mines has diminished from 83,000 last year to 34,000 at present. And the preferential gold rate at which South Africa remits part of the wages of these miners to the Frelimo government—a major source of Mozambique's foreign exchange earnings—is likely to become "null and void" early next year according to the South African Minister of Finance.

On the other side of the subcontinent, in Namibia, the South African Government has pursued a policy of divisiveness, emphasizing the promotion of eleven different tribal or ethnic armies. South Africa, says the highly informative *Namibian Review*, "intends to follow the same policy as the British did when they handed over independence to the Indian subcontinent, only in our case we will be left with eleven Bantustans, each backed by its own tribal army, locked in perpetual strife." To the north, it is true, the crucial problem of Rhodesia/Zimbabwe remains unresolved: but this would be the white *laager's* most defensible frontier.

Pretoria's best hopes were dashed by the demise of Tar Baby (Option Two of National Security Study Memorandum 39), the policy adopted by the Nixon administration in February 1970 which projected "selective relaxation of our stance toward the white regimes" on the grounds that "the whites are here

SOMETIMES HEAVEN IS A MEAN MACHINE (for Wayne)

It is like riding Death and not dying.

*It shudders, snarls and roars like an iron lion.
It shines like the chromed bones of a bull.*

*At night its single headlight
rakes across the highway like the lowered horn
of a charging unicorn.*

It looks like Death waiting for a taker.

You take it, you ride.

*All day, all night for years
while the bright arcs of your breath flex
into curves repeating earthshapes,
you ride, the road informing you.*

*You ride
your own death and you do not die.*

It shines and you ride its shining.

William Pitt Root

to stay and the only way that change can come about is through them." But a more realistic assessment impels the Carter administration to seek the dismantling of apartheid, now correctly perceived to be the West's Achilles' heel. But Mr. Vorster and his party have nowhere to go, at least in their own view. If "separate development" were to be abandoned, the Prime Minister told the Afrikaanse Studentebond a few years ago, South Africa would become "the world's most popular corpse." There should be no doubt that he believes this, quite literally.

South Africa cannot be considered separately from the nine adjoining states which Samir Amin has termed "the Africa of the labor reserves." Neither can it be considered independently of the metropolitan nations, especially Britain, which have billions profitably invested there. *The Roots of Rural Poverty* describes South Africa as a "sub-metropole" of the world system, "subordinate to the metropolises of Western capitalism, but possessing significant autonomy over its own periphery." This analysis, which derives in part from what is known as "dependency theory," argues

that the industrial nations have systematically promoted the "underdevelopment" of Third World nations by utilizing their economies as sources of raw materials, while wrecking their self-sufficiency.

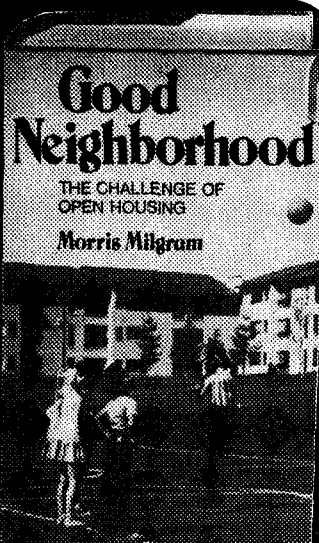
Just how this "development of underdevelopment" was carried through in southern and central Africa is described in a penetrating series of essays dealing with the various economic regions of the subcontinent. (The editors confess a debt to the pioneering work of Giovanni Arrighi, whose studies of Rhodesia showed how African peasantries were pauperized and transformed into a helpless body of labor for the twin interests of white mining and farming.) The myth that traditional agriculture is hopelessly inefficient is nicely challenged here.

When European control was first being established, African peasants grew prosperous, inasmuch as the incoming whites constituted a new market for their produce. Later this peasantry was deliberately broken up and impoverished, largely by means of discriminatory political measures and the imposition of taxes payable in cash. In the end, the African has been reduced to a position neither peasant nor proletarian, with no option other than to join the vast migratory labor force required by the mines and farms. The wages of this labor force, Ann Seidman points out, are actually subsidized by the rural areas. Women, children and old people remain there and support themselves, as best they can, by traditional agriculture. Cash wages only cover the men's subsistence and a little besides for taxes. "This system has been institutionalized by apartheid in South Africa and increasingly in Rhodesia," Seidman observes, "but it remains a dominant characteristic of the economies of the black-ruled states of central and southern African even today."

Such views of the "development of underdevelopment," needless to say, clash violently with the standard theories of Western governments and social scientists. These describe the Third World as entering the phase of "modernization," with "development" being pumped out by the industrial nations (and, in the case of Africa, by the white enclaves). The reality probably lies somewhere in between. Both paradigms are Western hypotheses imposed on a vastly complex reality. "It can be seen how 'dependency' reflects contemporary disenchantment," write Palmer and Parsons, "while 'modernization' mirrored earlier misplaced optimism." Radio South Africa, they note, has not been

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above deploying a variant of dependency theory in its broadcasts beamed at black Africa seeking to persuade African countries to divert their trade from the metropolitan nations to South Africa!

Gérard Chaliand has watched the revolutionary struggles of the Third World as a "participant observer" for some fifteen years in Algeria, Vietnam, Palestine, Guinea-Bissau and Latin America. He writes, he says, "to restore political considerations to their rightful place in the study of the Third World—that is, to the number one place." Of the many revolutions that have occurred since the end of World War II, only a handful have in his opinion been really radical: most have been "national revolutions," carried out from the top along the lines of Kemal Ataturk's transformation of Turkey (1923-36) and, as a result, unlikely significantly to improve the lot of the people. As for the Marxism that gained currency in the postwar period, it is no more than a "Stalinism for the underdeveloped," in the words of Maxime Rodinson.

Chaliand's survey is relevant to the South African situation insofar as it delineates the many dangers lying in wait for Third World revolutionary movements. Freedom is elusive on a planet dominated by superpower rivalry and the ubiquitous multinationals. As he observes, however, "the starting point for every system can only be the society that produced it." The only "developed" nation in the Third World, South Africa possesses a modern three-tier economy and a large urban proletariat trained in high-technology industry. No superficial transformation stage-managed by a nationalistic petty bourgeoisie is in the cards. When it appears, the South African revolution will be earthshaking. The people of South Africa have acquired a good deal of political sophistication in their long struggle with the apartheid state. Free, they have the capacity to assume a position of leadership, not only in Africa but in the Third World as a whole.

Politically, southern Africa continues to be dominated by the two great forces of farming and mining, "gold and maize." In asserting that "the land-reform problem scarcely exists for the peasants of Africa," Chaliand writes out of greater familiarity with the Francophone nations north of the equator than with the sub-continent of the south. South Africa is a major exporter of food, produced by black workers on land almost entirely owned by white farmers. As is also true of Zimbabwe, the redistribution of the land will be a major task facing any

majority government. Modern studies, such as those in *The Roots of Rural Poverty*, make it clear that small farms are more efficient than latifundia. (This is as true in Angola as it is in Arkansas.) Africa, a net exporter of a whole range of agricultural products, has the highest incidence of protein-calorie malnutrition among young children of any continent.

Conversely, there will be tremendous pressure on any South African government to continue mining gold—which can only be done on the present scale, or anything approaching it, by pauperized slave labor. The mines thus represent a potent anti-democratic force which will survive the transition to majority rule.

And there are other perils. "Quite a number of revolutionary movements have largely exhausted their meager forces in factional quarrels waged in exile," Chaliand notes. "Cut off from real life back home, their already slight representativity (*sic*) has, in time, vanished.

The leaders then inevitably turn into a miniature bureaucracy whose essential activity is verbal and whose raison d'être eventually is revealed as self-perpetuation for its own sake." One objection that might be made to *Southern Africa in Crisis*, otherwise an excellent survey, is that it largely skirts the issue of monolithic authoritarianism in the revolutionary movements. One would scarcely know, from Gwendolen Carter's account, that the African National Congress (of South Africa) is split into at least three hostile factions in consequence of the failure of internal democracy. The same fragmentation has taken place elsewhere, with ominous implications for the future. For reasons of their own, the great powers and certain African states have chosen to endorse certain organizations and factions with "official" status, and even to persecute dissidents on their behalf. Silence on this issue does no service to the democratic movement. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

There is a sense of period in architecture that describes its times, but there is a *periodization* that mars them. Main Street in a coonskin cap or Gopher Prairie in a Swiss Alps apron, periodization, the drive to restore to America a time that never was, has made smaller downtowns trick themselves out like Bavaria, Colonial Williamsburg or a Wild West boomtown. Happily, a townscape movement—the exurban version of brownstoning—has touched many downtowns. Less happily, there probably was no place like the home or "homesy" enclaves the "restorers" have fabricated across the land.

In the Middle West you are serenaded by umpah bands with Swiss chalet architecture to match in such towns as Frankenmuth, Mich. and New Glarus, Wis. Have a turkey dinner at a New England restaurant and chances are you'll look out through small-paned 17-century-style windows set into the large spaces meant for the Victorian glass expanse.

In California the settlers of Sonora and Jackson built in a happy mix of styles. Their descendants are trying to restyle such places into look-alike Potemkin villages.

What does it mean, this search for a theme—any theme? Obviously, the less-is-more heroics of modernism won't do when it comes time to redo the old. Yet why do the revitalizers attack the

architecture of Main Street in the same start-from-scratch spirit as the faulty modernists?

For whatever reason, it is more than clear that the gingerbreading of Main Street is architecture's latest trend. "Communities will launch themselves into construction without any indication of what's good for their town," Robert H. Carter puts it. He heads a new project of the National Trust for Historic Preservation to reverse the trend. "They usually hire the first architect who comes around, and most people in the townscape business are not very good."

"Townscape business"—the phrase itself suggests the practice of selling parts from outside, not building a center from within. By and large, though, most of those in the business of periodizing Main Street aren't even architects. They're makers of flocking (the cut-velvet wallpaper of formal Victorian dining rooms), die-stampers of chandeliers or fabric sellers who mock up the past. The aluminum siding companies were the ones who prospered by "redoing" the Colonial courtyard in Paola, Kan., and the lumber folk who made a buck out of the wooden sidewalks in Rockville, Ill.

As the list above suggests, America's heartland is the heart for ersatz Americana and, by all reports, it barely sur-

vived the Bicentennial. But no region has a monopoly on red, white and blue benches or fire hydrants painted to represent Minute Men. Nor was it the mark of a purely regional epidemic when a bank in Seymour, Ind. set up shop in a replica of the replica of the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, and the fix-up crew in Kingston, N.Y. painted the downtown district in a rainbow of pastels. "Ditsy" is the word designer Norman Mintz uses for this sort of storybook face lifting. "Ditsy" or not, the Victorian effusions must please the franchisers who cater to Middle America: from sea to shining sea, the mansard roof has replaced the Golden Arch.

Our century certainly isn't the first to seek roots by applying, cosmetically, some bygone building style, but the difference is: the Victorians themselves did their appliqué with a bit more style. Then, too, a single building would suffice to hold all their Gothic turrets, patterned brickwork, or decorative what-nots. Not now. When some dreary downtown commission budgets money for Main Street, its aim is to attack the whole street, swathing it in a uniform, monotonous (and plastic) billboard style. Instant history. No fuss, no muss—and no past.

True, this periodization of architecture has some defenders, even among architects. There is a whimsy when architects like Charles Moore or Robert

Stern plaster a bygone memento to some façade; and an intriguing resonance when the in-house avant-garde of architecture borrows from Le Corbusier to fashion a new-old palace for a *nouveau riche*.

True, too, any fix-up is a positive sign. Although skeptics find this refurbishing trend a nostalgic hot flash, others counter: Why not a stage set? Wasn't that what the first settlers did with their false-front saloons? Isn't Disney World today's success story?

Right enough in the right time and place; but today's historic mimicry defers the urgent economic, commercial and social rebirth that the country's hard-pressed downtowns really need.

Moreover, these camouflage jobs wreck real 19th-century, vernacular architecture. One planner watched, in dismay, as California workmen recently covered a cast-iron façade with new gingerbread. For, when the last true traces of Main Street come tumbling down, historic memories tumble with them, memories of a real downtown "crowded with hawkers' stands, artless displays of fruit, vegetables, drinkables, poultry and home-cured pork, islands of heterogeneous secondhand goods and chattels, delivery wagons stacked with discount wares, Connecticut peddlers' cars, farm rigs backed off the street so that tailboards serve as counters, all besieged by a milling, chattering throng of old and young from the four corners

of the country," as one small town native noted.

Of course, the periodizers don't always slather on antique-y façades. The replacement can be a misbegotten "modernization" in the form of Buck Rogers malls, parking garages and mini-World Trade Centers. But either way, the Main Street paint job soon chips off. These outsiders whip out their glowing plans, slap on the paint, and skip town, leaving the same old troubles. "They ignore gut issues," Chester Liebs, the director of the historic preservation program at the University of Vermont observes—such issues as the commerce-draining highway and the competing mall from without; the political impotence and lackluster commerce within.

And yet despite such debacles, some mid-sized cities and towns are searching for an honest identity through this architectural refurbishment. Period piecemeal or not, their efforts do reflect a new Main Street sentiment: behind the fake façades—as behind the return of native and exurbanite—lies an urge for community, a hankering for a more intimate walking (nonsuburban) life style.

"They're not giving up hope as they did a few years ago," designer Norman Mintz insists. Mintz helped plan for one such town, Corning, N.Y. A company town and an anomaly in some ways, Corning has a new streetscape that is a blend of the historic and the contemporary. It seems an exception to the phenomena described above, as is the National Trust "Main Street" program in the Midwest. The Trust picked a handful of depressed downtowns, not to prettify but to revive them. Sixty-nine applied for the pilot program's three slots. So too, other touch-ups at weary downtowns go beyond butcher block or fern and fantasy. Yet the sympathetic recyclings seem on a small scale compared to the clean sweep of those infected with the theme-park mania.

For the sad fact is that, behind the organic food stores and plant shops suggesting new life, behind the eye-catching new façades or the benches and trees, the land-use practices that have caused downtown decay persist. Nostalgia or not, the anti-Main Street policy reigns—from the closing down of post offices to the super-highways that send suburbanites out to asphalt malls. State and federal policies still strangle small (as well as large) downtowns, and it will take more than prop periodization and Norman Rockwell reminiscences of a walking center to make the architecture of our Main Streets part of a living landscape. □

BREAKFAST TABLE

*Tiers of things—like a banner inscribed
With sentiments of silver, discs of blue*

*Pluming this morning's bolt of cloth
(The broad stroke of beige spread again)—*

*Rise to the occasional. Glasses brimful
Of reflection assemble a bowl of lemons*

*In limelight, the salt-shaker peppered
With grains of rice, even last night's*

*Centerpiece of uncolored hours blocked
Into moods taking leaf from more crisp*

*Intentions. Nothing is set yet.
Its pattern fading and fulfilled*

*With use, china is stacked to accept
Today's give and take, the commonplace*

*Exchange still happening upstairs where,
Absolutes in dream, cupped against each other,*

*Sleepers stir and ready a dark forbearance
They soon will share across the table.*

J. D. McClatchy

INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

It is unlikely that fables will ever intertwine with the music of Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis. He is no Icarus, flying into the sun (Charlie Parker) and, certainly, he is no Merlin conjuring mysteries (Duke Ellington). Tenor saxophonist Davis is a journeyman player, a thorough professional. He has not created new forms, and whatever his private life may be, it is not the stuff of a voyeuristic "jazz" movie. Accordingly, Davis is little known outside the community of musicians and those jazz listeners who are addicted to hot swing.

Yet Eddie Davis—as a series of new releases makes particularly clear—has become one of the most consistently satisfying jazz voices. And although he is no innovator, that voice is his own. As a youngster, he was drawn to that school of the tenor sax characterized by a big, breathy sound, dramatic presence and deep, thrusting swing. His basic influences, therefore, were Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Through the years with Count Basie and then on his own, Davis honed that approach into a muscular *macho* style which, however, could also move into sensual intimacy in ballads. And now that Hawkins and Webster are dead, Davis is a prime contender for the leadership of that cadre of tenors. Again, he lacks the originality of his progenitors, but he provides so much visceral pleasure as to be a reminder that there are abiding values in swinging dependability.

Indeed, from the first note he plays, Davis is the very definition of swing. He reminds me of a musician at a clinic some years ago who was asked by a lecturer to demonstrate just what it is to swing. No problem. The player found a groove, and flowed into it. "Now," said the lecturer, "show us what it's like not to swing." Earnestly, the musician tried to be accommodating but, work as he might, it was impossible for him *not* to swing—so innate was his jazz rhythm. So it is with Davis.

The feeling of swinging, it must be added, can no more be suggested through words than can the act of sex, no matter how many writers have tried to approximate the latter in either allusive or inevitably absurd explicit terms. Inadvertently, however, an overwhelmingly clear distinction between swinging and not swinging can be found in a Pablo album from the *Montreux '77* jazz festival—Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis 4. Just listen to Davis and then to pianist Oscar Peterson. The first cannot but swing; the second hasn't the faintest idea of how to do it, even though his tech-

nique is flawless and he knows all possible chord combinations.

Together with his joyous command of jazz time and a sound as warming as the best bourbon, Davis is a most vivid exemplar of what has been called "the cry" of jazz. From the time, generations back, when a black man identified himself by the timbre, phrasing and self-insistence of his very own "field holler," black American music has been a continuum of these "cries," these intensely personal signatures. And Davis has one of the most arresting of all. It is a matter of authority, of instantly proclaiming oneself.

For all his power, Davis is also limber. "It's been said," Davis once noted, "that the tenor is a sluggish instrument. But Don Byas proved that you can fly with the tenor and still possess full quality." Davis can soar, but when he's fleet, he's never facile. He's always telling a story. A story that has to do, one way or another, with what happens between a man and a woman after the sun goes down.

Perhaps the key element in Davis's strength is the blues. It's not only that he can shout and whisper the blues but blues colorations are part of the texture of everything else he does. As Jimmy Rushing said, "Anytime a person can play the blues, he has a soul and that gives him a sort of lift to play anything else he wants to play." In the *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis 4* set, there is another instructive contrast between the blues-powered Davis and Oscar Peterson, who knows how to fabricate the blues but not how to feel them.

A substantial introduction to *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis is Swingin' Till The Girls Come Home* (Inner City); and from the *Montreux '77* collection on Pablo, I would recommend *Oscar Peterson Jam* (with Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry), the two-volume *Jam Sessions*, and *Milt Jackson/Ray Brown Jam*.

At the end of an especially formidable solo, Davis likes to raise his horn high with one hand. "That's to show I'm the master," he explains. "Many tenor players handle the horn as if it were fragile. I try to show that I have complete command of the horn at all times, whether I'm playing it or just holding it."

All he has to do is blow one note to prove that. □

Note: My review of the *Leroy Jenkins/Solo Concert* in the issue of November 26 neglected to mention Mr. Jenkins's instrument. It is the violin.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

We are today more eager than ever to discover and, if possible, to hail new young American playwrights. There is even a certain factitious hysteria in the impulse. It is perhaps part of a useful anxiety to find things and people to be enthusiastic about: these days very little inspires heartfelt approval.

A new "Daniel" has sprung up in the person of 25-year-old Ted Tally. A student of playwriting at the Yale School of Drama, he unquestionably has talent. His *Terra Nova*, after having workshop productions at that institution and at the O'Neill Memorial Theatre in Waterford, Conn., is now being presented in alternation with David Mamet's *Reunion* at the Yale Repertory Theatre.

I speak of Tally's talent, but I cannot at present determine its exact nature, at least for the purpose of predicting his future. Nor is such definition required at this early date: I am being cautious on his behalf. The immediate point is that his play is an intelligent and effective stage piece.

Terra Nova was the name of the vessel on which the British explorer Robert Falcon Scott, with four other men, journeyed in June 1910 to Antarctica; it was their hope to be the first men to reach the South Pole. After the cruellest hardships, they did achieve their goal in January 1912, but only to learn that the Norwegian Amundsen had got there ahead of them. And, savage as the journey out had been, it was as nothing

compared to the journey back. One man broke down completely on February 10 and died. Scott and the other three perished about a month later. Records and diaries found by a search party furnish the basis for the play.

It is written in English: by that I mean in the soundly fluent language employed in good literature and in the speech of educated people who respect the tongue. Scott, to be sure, was a gentleman, as was the medical officer who joined him in the expedition; one other was a humble Welshman, still another a ribaldly realistic Cockney, and the third a dogged professional soldier of tenaciously rugged fibre. The author makes us believe in, and like, all of them.

The play is informed with humor as well as pain—the pain is mitigated by the virtual nonexistence of a convincing environment in the production. What we do accept, apart from the validity of the people as types, is the narrative itself: Tally has made it credible and interesting.

Still, after having been held by the story, I was left a little vague as to its essential meaning: what did the dramatist really intend to say? There is something puzzling in his objectivity. Does he mean to praise courage for its own sake, to pay tribute to the heroism involved in carrying out an almost impossible sporting task? (For Scott had rejected the use of a train of dogs to

pull his sleighs and equipment, as Amundsen had done. It wasn't "cricket!") Was locating the Pole something Scott believed in for its scientific value? Are we to perceive in the expedition an existentialist challenge, a variation on the myth of Sisyphus? Was it a kind of folly, the madness of those who wished to astonish the world by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge, riding Niagara Falls in a barrel, swimming the English Channel?

All these possibilities are implied, but the play attains no poetic crystallization of them. Perhaps we are expected only to wonder, and that may be sufficient. Still, *Terra Nova* lacks the further dimension, the larger insight, which is the miracle of art. It remains, nevertheless, one kind of "good theatre."

Actors whom I found deficient in the Yale Company's *The Ghost Sonata* are admirable in Tally's play. I refer especially to Max Wright as the medical officer and Stephen Rowe as the Welshman. Michael Gross, as the most fanatically dutiful of the expeditionary group, is also impressively convincing. Arthur Hill conveys the gentlemanly Englishman, the upright and thoughtful aspects of Scott, but hardly his grit and toughness. (It occurred to me that the best cast for the play would be an English one: the hard grain within discipline and/or decorum is something English character actors are particularly well prepared to express.) Michael Higgins, as directed, is too straightforwardly sensible as Amundsen, who in the writing is rendered as Scott's spectral conscience rather than as a real person. Lindsay Crouse is lovely as Scott's wife, though much more genteelly tender than the somewhat gruff "new woman" suggested by the text, but the part itself is the least realized of the play. □

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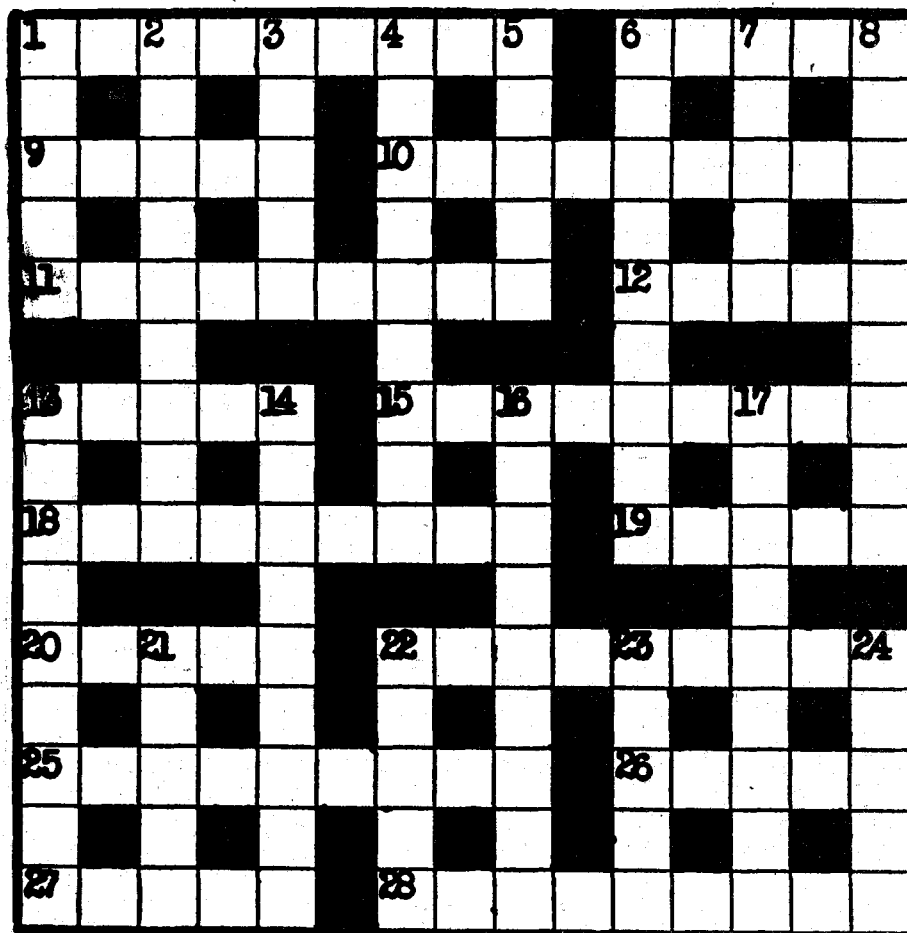
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1705

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 6 Brant possibly pursued by it, but to no avail. (4-5,5)
- 9 What a style to have such savory content! (5)
- 10 Does their music seem to have other than a top-quality ring? (5,4)
- 11 Perhaps his uncle calls him up occasionally. (9)
- 12 Possibly al fresco with no alternative to surpass. (5)
- 13 Rode a different way, being engaged in a row. (5)
- 15 One who makes lots of allowances for the top goal is crazy! (9)
- 18 Wine which might appear yellowish brown to Baltimore, for example. (5,4)
- 19 The expression used to go by yours politely—but really go. (5)
- 20 Western park held in highest esteem. (5)
- 22 List made longer because of the old spelling. (5)
- 25 Presumably innocent of gluttony? I find otherwise! (3,6)
- 26 And presumably inhuman not to make it. (5)
- 27 Nevertheless, you'll have to turn inside out in it! (5)
- 28 What the hypochondriac seems to enjoy? (It certainly isn't well-done toast!) (3,6)

DOWN

- 1 and 13 down The thing that everyone drinks in the joint? (What should be better than spirits when on a bender?) (5,2,3,4)
- 2 No more hats after this? A proverbial back-breaker! (4,5)
- 3 A grey sort might be a happier combination. (5)
- 4 Is it necessary to be accompanied by such? (9)
- 5 Demand and obtain, to be absolutely correct. (5)
- 6 Possibly it's a color of medicine mixture. (6-3)
- 7 A big order at sea! (5)
- 8 See 21 down
- 13 See 1 down
- 14 Not very interesting, like much dirty material. (3,2,4)
- 16 As you stated incorrectly, occasionally guests have their welcome. (9)
- 17 Such an address might be at the office entrance. (9)
- 21, 8 and 24 Not really suitable for global aims—at one time they might have been far corners being approached. (2,3,4,2,3,5)
- 22 Well-known spy the French caught in a taxi. (5)
- 23 Loyalist city? (5)

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